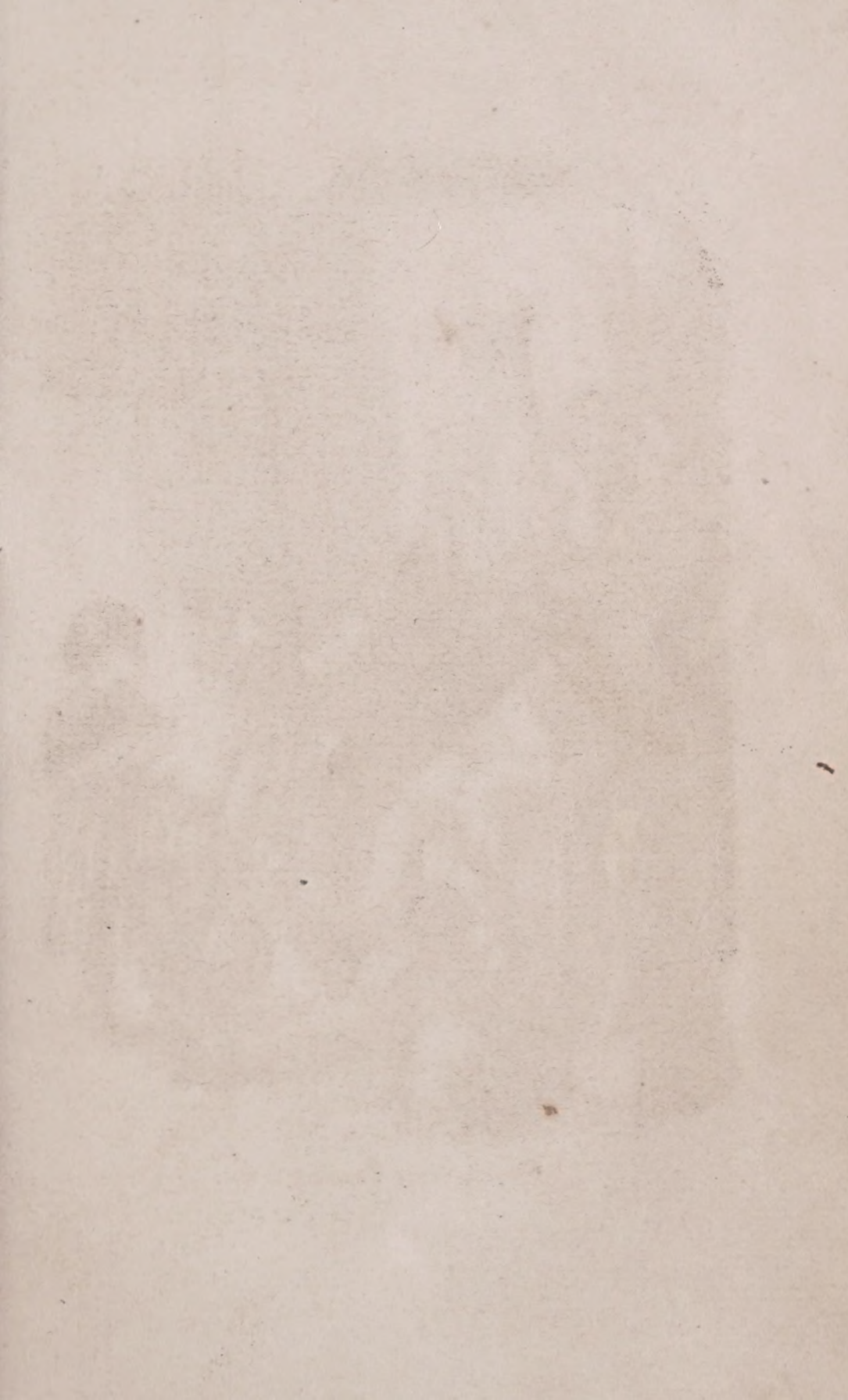


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Playing Guy Fawkes.

See page 153

High Days and Holidays in Old England and New England.

THE

FOURTH OF JULY IN NEW ENGLAND

AND THE

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER IN OLD ENGLAND.

BY

UNA LOCKE and ZAIDA YORKE.

What hath this day deserved? What hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?—SHAKSPEARE.

The old man's children keep the holiday,
In dear New England, since the fathers slept—
The sweetest holiday of all the year.—HOLLAND.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.



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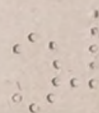
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THE

FOURTH OF JULY IN NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

"The red-coats merrily crossed the sea,
And the hills cried out in wonder
At the beat of drum, at the trumpet's glee,
And the cannon's brazen thunder."

 "DEAR! did ever any thing so disappointing happen!" It was a very mournful voice which came from the breakfast-room, and it sounded to Fanny very like her brother Henry's. "Harry particularly invited *me*, mamma."

Fanny, much excited, burst into the room just as her mamma was saying,

"Yes, I know, my dear. But how *can* you



go? You see you can't wear a boot, or even a slipper?"

"What is it, Henry, darling?" said Fanny, impetuously.

Henry held out his foot, encased in one of grandpapa's stockings and slippers.

"He sprained it more than we thought when he caught your canary yesterday," explained their mother.

"I suppose I might as well give it up first as last," said her brother, trying to look cheerful. "But why need it happen? And no fault of mine, none at all, was it, dear mother?"

"No, indeed," said Fanny, warmly, "it was all through your kindness; I would have lost poor little Bobby if you hadn't climbed the tree for him. But I sha'n't go if you can't. I don't wish to leave you. I shouldn't take the least comfort."

"O no, sister, you mustn't stay with me. I shall be more than ever disappointed if you do not go and see every thing, and then tell me

about it. It will be as near going myself as any thing can possibly be, you tell a story so nicely, it is like going to a panorama to hear you. And I shall have a splendid time with grandpapa and grandmamma, and father will be here part of the time besides."

"You are a brave boy," said his mother, "and quite right to take comfort in the thought that it was not through some wrong-doing you met your accident. If any hurt or disappointment comes to us while we are doing what we know is right, we must consider that it is permitted by our wise and good Father in heaven for some good purpose, and this should make us cheerful."

"Plenty more Fourth of Julys coming, my boy," said his grandfather, who had just entered the room. "Just think how many I have seen ! And I hope you will live to see and enjoy as many."

"How many, grandpa ?" asked Prescott.

"I have seen seventy-four of them," said his

grandfather, "but I don't think I remember more than seventy."

"Why, grandpa, you don't look a quarter so old!" exclaimed Prescott.

"That is because grandpa wasn't always crying when he was a little boy," said Fanny, pointedly.

"Is that the reason his hair isn't any grayer?" interrogated the child.

But now breakfast was ready, and nobody noticed Prescott's last question; though, between you and me, I think that *was one* reason his hair was no grayer.

Fanny and Prescott cared but little about breakfast. The excitement of going to the city, such a distance away, was sufficient food for them. After prayers, they started with their mother immediately for the train; and, as they were to be absent three days, Henry began to look about him for amusement and occupation which should not soon be exhausted. This first day in the large, lonesome old house he decided

to spend in finishing a work-box for Fanny's birthday. In looking for glue, his father sent him to a huge chest, the contents of which were rarely disturbed. Turning over the musty, worm-gnawed pamphlets and newspapers, he came upon an unsuspected treasure. It was a bundle of newspapers, yellow and worn, which were published in Boston just after the fight at Lexington. How exciting the time!

"Blood has been shed!" were the words that went hoarsely through the commonwealth. Yes, it had come to that at last. "Representation or no taxation," the people had said. "Let us represent ourselves in the mother land." But the grown child was treated like an infant not out of the cradle, who knew nothing what it was crying after. "You must be taxed, and you shall not represent yourselves;" that was the beginning of it, and now there had been blood shed. There was running of bullets, each man for his own "queen's arm;" melting of thanksgiving pewter-platters, and making with

rapid fingers, which *would* hold firm though the heart might tremble, the homespun garments for the beloved forms that went out and might never return. And William Pitt was saying in the House of Commons, "The Americans have been wronged—they have been driven to madness by injustice! Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned?"

With some self-denial Henry laid aside these old exciting papers in order to save them for the next day, the Fourth, and economize in this way his amusements; since he could not even so much as go out with the boys on his father's farm to fire any sort of a salute. So he went on whittling and gluing and varnishing, and, with various appeals to his grandmamma for admiration of his work, the day passed very well.

"They are going to fire the old cannon from the top of Antler's hill to-morrow morning," said Sam Robinson, head man on the farm. He pretended to be talking entirely to Henry, who

sat in the kitchen door over his work, but he meant the information for Deborah as well. And Deborah answered,

“Let them, then. I like to see boys have a good time, and they ought to understand all about Independence day, and celebrate it with a hearty good will.”

“Never saw such a self-glorifying nation in all the days of my life,” said Sam.

“You might, then, if you’d cross the ocean,” retorted Deborah, “for i’ts all inherited. It’s the mother’s blood that runs in the children’s veins. And I shouldn’t wonder if there was a little of it in the land you came from.”

Sam was a Pictou man, from Nova Scotia. He was very fond of Yankee Deborah, and admired her smartness, though he feigned quite the contrary, and lost no opportunity for calling out a retort from her.

“Now, my love,” said Grandma Prescott to Henry, as she bathed his ankle before he went to bed, “I would not be uneasy, and try to get

up, even to look out, when the firing begins to-morrow; you must keep this poor foot quiet."

"Yes, grandmamma," said Henry, as cheerfully as he could; but I am afraid he shed a few tears on his pillow after she went down. He was not sad very long, however, for the memory of what his mother had said soon brought him comfort.

"It was no fault of mine, and it was permitted by my wise and good Father in heaven; but if I could only go to the Sunday-school picnic over in Bradbury! But if I could go there I would be able to go to uncle's, so I might as well leave off wishing."

Then the dear boy lifted a little prayer for contentment, and he did not forget to ask that his father and mother and Fanny and Prescott might be safe and happy. And then he fell asleep. But it seemed scarcely five minutes before the cannon announced the new day.

Very unlike the dull "thud, thud" of can-

non discharged in a city, was the magnificent salute to the morning. There was a sound as of the powerful wings of some great archangel rushing past the street and across the river to the mountains. Then came the musical reverberations, like a chorus of giants answering back. No more sleep for Glenburgh. At sunrise the church bells began to ring, and kept on for an hour; and this, too, was a real pealing, and crashing of joy, also vastly unlike the measured mechanical ringing we often hear in cities. Flags streamed from some window of every house along the village street; and in every kitchen was beating of eggs, sifting of flour, and selecting of spices, with a good-humored energy not belonging to every day. Not even for the honor and glory of "the Fourth," however, could the haymaking wait; and men were cutting the tall seeded grass heavy with dew, in the rolling meadows on both sides the river called "the lazy-moving," in the tongue of the red men, its first owners.

After breakfast, Henry, seizing his treasured package of newspapers, hobbled into his grand-mamma's room.

"O grandpapa, grandmamma, hear this!" he exclaimed. "I've found some of the very papers published at the very time when we fought the British. Here is an old yellow paper called 'The Crisis,' grandpapa; it is a reprint of a paper published in London, and it shows how we had a right to ask what we did, and there were ever so many in England on our side too!"

"To be sure, my son."

"But the authorities, grandpapa, had the paper burned by the common hangman; but some copies were brought to this country very privately and printed again here," continued Henry, almost breathless with excitement. "Can't I read you something from this old paper, grandmamma?"

"Yes, my love. if you like," replied grand-mamma.

Grandpapa said, "By all means," and looked eagerly over his glasses at the old yellow paper, for grandpapa's own father had been an officer in the Revolutionary War, and he had sat upon his father's knee, and heard many a tale of those days of doubt and grief and strong excitement, until the boy began almost to believe he had stood by his father in the long and foot-sore marches, and at the glad moment when the order to disband came from General Gates after Burgoyne's surrender. So now he was like an old war-horse who hears a strain of the martial music which used to stir his blood in the days of battle.

Henry laid a number of papers in his grandmother's lap for safety, and commenced to read from one in his hand.

"Here is a letter from some one in London; the writer's name is torn from the paper," said Henry, "and I am sorry; but it is dated February 10, 1775, and begins

“ ‘MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have waited in hopes I could find something to write to encourage you, but, to my great grief, worse and worse. It is impossible to describe the alarming situation of our affairs. While the debate was in Parliament I still had some small hopes ; but this morning at two o’clock the death-warrant was passed, and the colonies declared rebels. The petitions and attempts have all failed. The great Lords Camden, Chatham, Richmond, and all the thirty-two lords, could not prevent the fatal infatuation from taking place. An address to the King has passed both Houses to give the King power to call you rebels, and to proceed against you on the late acts. . . . Nothing on earth can equal the consternation of all who have heard it, and in their usual way now begin to see, when too late, the bad effects of their silence. The worthy Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Barclay, and Rachel Wilson have written to the King, but no answer. Two worthy women of the Friends have de-

sired to speak to the King, but he will not see them. O that the Lord would turn their hearts! But now you are to be left to your own prudence. Your own wisdom will tell you no longer to depend on England to help you. I had twenty gentlemen this day call on me, and all say, Pray write to your friends to declare those rebels who will not fight for their country, for there has gone down to Sheerness seventy-eight thousand guns and bayonets to be sent to America, to put into the hands of the Roman Catholics and the Canadians, and all the wicked means on earth are used to subdue the colonies. I do not write this to alarm you, but you must not any longer be deceived. Orders have now gone out to take up Hancock, Adams, Williams, Otis, and six of the head men in Boston. I have now a copy of the proceedings before me. My heart aches for Mr. Hancock. Send off expresses immediately that they intend to seize his estate. . . . A troop of light horse is now actually embarking, and will

land before this comes to hand. You will see by the newspapers, and I know it to be so. I saw the generals, and know of sending fifteen hundred chests of arms, part of which are for New York, and to be distributed among such of the inhabitants as are willing to take arms against you.’”

Henry went on : “Next I want to read one of the letters written by an English soldier. It is dated Boston, April 28, 1775. It reads thus :

“‘I am well, all but a wound I received through the leg by a ball from one of the Bostonians. At the time I wrote you from Quebec I had the strongest assurance of going home, but the laying the tax on the New England people caused us to be ordered for Boston, where we remained in peace with the inhabitants till, on the night of the 18th of April, twenty-one companies of grenadiers and light

infantry were ordered into the country about thirteen miles, where between four and five o'clock in the morning we met an incredible number of the people of the country in arms against us. Colonel Smyth, of the tenth regiment, ordered us to rush on them with our bayonets fixed, at which some of the peasants fired upon us, and the men returning the fire, the engagement began. They did not fight like a regular army, only like savages, behind trees and stone walls, and out of the woods and houses, where, in the latter, we killed numbers of them, as well as in the woods and fields. The engagement began between four and five in the morning, and lasted till eight at night. I cannot be sure when you will get this letter from me, as this extensive continent is all in arms against us.'"

"*Peasants* indeed!" said Henry, laughing.

His grandfather said, "We did not adopt that name for any class in our country."

"The heading to this letter says that the au-

thorities took pains to have it supposed the Americans commenced the fire. This was written after the fight at Lexington, grandpa."

"I think it is time now for grandpa to pick the peas for dinner, and you and I will shell them," interrupted his grandmother.

Roast lamb with green peas, and cherry pudding, was always the bill of fare for Fourth of July dinners at the Glenburgh mansions. So grandpapa gathered the peas, and Deborah gathered the black-heart cherries, contesting the right to them with the large, tame, greedy, red-breasted robins that fed their large-mouthed hungry babies with the rich fruit.

"I declare, those gluttonous creatures want the whole," said Deborah; "I am friendly to robin red-breasts, but I reckon they might catch flies as the swallows do for part of their meal; these red and white streamers I tied to the tree don't do a speck of good; I reckon they think they are Independence flags, or may be a sign put out 'Entertainment for birds

here; and sakes alive! if here aint the red-crested cedar birds too! Well, you be a pretty bird to look at, but between you and the robins I'm afraid how we'll come out for cherries this year. Shoo, there! shoo!" and she shook her apron violently at the tree.

"What's to pay?" said grandfather, coming with his tin pan of peas from the garden.

"O," said Sam, starting up from behind a lilac bush, where he had hidden himself, and laughing heartily, "these Yankee robins are after what belongs to their neighbors, like the human part of the nation they belong to."

"*Your* government don't want any territory neither by sea *nor* by land, except just what they had away back in the time of that king in the school-book that burned the neat-herd's cakes! So the proverb of the pot twitting the kettle don't apply to you!" said Deborah triumphantly.

Sam laughed louder than ever.

“Now, while we shell the peas, wont you tell me a story, grandpapa?” said Henry.

“Well, what shall it be about?”

“O, about how you spent the Fourth when you were a boy, if you please, sir,” said Henry.

“Well, let me see. I remember away back when there had been only thirty of these Independence days since that first one set apart and made sacred forever at Philadelphia, in the year ’76. I was a good deal younger than my brothers, but I had a playmate who was the same as a brother to me, my Cousin Albert. He came to live at our house when he was a small boy, and we used to sleep under the sloping roof of the old gambrel-roofed house; this very house, before your father made a new one of it. The night before the Fourth it was necessary to sleep *some*, but not much.

“The prophecy of the Elder Adams had begun to be fulfilled.

“‘We shall make this day glorious—an immortal day. When we are in our graves our

children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears—copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.’

“At this present period nobody sheds tears of any kind for the old recollections,” sorrowfully said Henry’s grandfather. “They are all gone, who, with much anguish, and in the belief that they could make their fortunes no worse than they had already come to be, severed themselves from the land they so dearly loved, the country they called home.

“But at the time of which I tell you many of the actors in the great crisis were alive, and their hearts were stirred and fired with these memories of suffering and days of darkness. And in proportion to the fever of those terribly exciting days was now the relief and the triumph. Their children caught the enthusiasm,

and almost believed themselves eye-witnesses of that which was so often described to them. I know I did for one.

“‘What shall we talk about!’ used to be the question propounded with much solemnity by one of us boys to the other after retiring under the sloping roof. Sometimes the response would be, ‘Let’s talk of Indians,’ and then an animated conversation of the days of tomahawks and scalping-knives, and forest hunting, and Indian warfare, would keep the small black eyes open for an hour or more. Sometimes the subject suggested by the interrogated party would be, ‘whales,’ and with much *unction* the few sea-stories known to these far inland boys would be repeated and discussed, making the sharp-eyed, eaves-dropping Patty, your great aunt that was, laugh for years at the recollection. But this evening you may be sure it was the ‘British,’ and the ‘Revolution,’ and Generals Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and General Washington we thought of.

“Do you know the nickname they gave Burgoyne?” asked his grandfather of Henry.

“No, grandpapa, what was it?”

“‘Chrononhotonthologos.’”

“What does that mean, sir?” asked Henry.

“O, nothing, I guess. They called him that because he was so pompous. He was a terribly pompous man! And somebody made this squib about him;

‘Burgoyne, unconscious of impending fates,

Could cut his way through woods, but not through GATES.’

“Pretty soon Albert said scornfully, ‘Asahel says there isn’t any need of *our* going down to Independence; he says he will go and tell us all about it; do just as well for us!’

“‘Just like Asahel,’ I replied with equal scorn; ‘Asahel isn’t father. We sha’n’t do as *he* says. We are going with Tim, and Tim says they are going to have a sham fight down at the Common, and fire off the old artillery,’ I added with animation.

“Well, the meeting-house bell rang at sun-

rise; but, long before that, the heavy cannon off at Vervington shook the hills. We were up betimes, and all the boys in the neighborhood, we among them, were out in the street firing off an old musket, and burning all the powder we were allowed to have."

"And I hope that was a great deal," said Henry, not yet wholly reconciled to what he had lost.

His grandfather laughed. "Not so much as in these lavish, wasteful days," he said. "The country was much more economical then. But to go on with my story: You must know politics ran pretty high in those days in this town. The parties were the Democrat and the Federal—and there was a great deal of bitterness and animosity between them—those who approved the Constitution were called Federalists, and those who objected to it were Democrats. My father being a Federalist all his sons were the same, and we considered Democrat to be almost equivalent to the much loathed name of Tory.

Squire Bonnale, however, was a Democrat, a rank Democrat, and he spared no pains to make others so. Glenburgh had stood strong as a Federal town before he came here. He kept a grocery and dry goods store on one corner of the Common, and Squire Guildhall kept a similar store on another corner of it. On this particular Fourth of July the two political parties were to have a sort of sham fight. Squire Bonnale's party had a large old gun that kicked so the operators had to hold it at arm's length to fire it off. They would put in a great charge, and whenever it was discharged it would come down *whack* into the ground, making quite an indentation. We boys stayed by awhile to watch the old gun, but being very strong Federalists it did not seem suitable to stop long on the enemy's ground, so we went over to the other party. The Federalists had nothing but a gun-barrel, which they used as a cannon, putting a stone on the breach. Every time they fired it would hop up some distance in the air,

and come down in quite another place. At last it broke in two; then they fired off the broken pieces, which flew about well. I thought it not best to stand too near, and we retreated to the piazza of Guildhall's store, and the next I knew the piece of artillery darted round and fell right between my feet. I think it likely I was pretty active just then. But they kept firing till it burst open, and as both sides were about out of powder, they concluded it would be well enough to stop for that time. Another Fourth of July, the next, perhaps, the Federalists took a druggist's iron mortar out of Guildhall's store, put into it a large charge of powder, and embedded in this a thirty pound ball, firing with a slow match. Up would go the ball, almost out of sight; then it would seem to be coming down on our heads, and the spectators would scatter to a safe distance. Soon, down would plunge the ball deep into the earth, and always very near the mortar. They had to use a crowbar to dig it out. This being the rule of

its descent, the lookers-on began to lose their fear and stand nearer and nearer, to watch it come down. But I thought to myself, 'I don't know about its being so very safe!' and I ran around the belfry of the church, which projected in front, feeling it needful, you see, to fortify myself from my own party! At last they put in an *enormous* charge of powder, which blew the mortar into ever so many pieces, and sending one through the store where Mrs. Guildhall was sitting, brushed her hair, as it dashed furiously past and out through the other side of the building. Nobody was hurt, but the excitement was considered sufficient for that day, and the sport was broken off."

"Papa, did your hear that?" asked Henry, perceiving Mr. Sterling had come in. "You would never let me do that way with powder, and these were grown men!"

"Foolish if they were grown, I think," said Mr. Sterling; "ask your grandmamma."

"This," said Mrs. Prescott, "was just about

as useful and reasonable as most of the contentions in this world."

"Don't you think it is right to have these different parties, then?" asked Henry.

"Of course," said his grandmother, "it is right for different political parties to present each one its view of what is best for the country; but much that is said and done is just as absurd as this 'sham-fight,' which was no fight at all, only a dangerous playing with powder on Glenburgh Common."

"Just so," said grandpapa Prescott.

"When there is a great principle to dispute about, when a truth is in danger of being lost, as in the time of Martin Luther, when priests sold God's pardon, then it is proper to contend earnestly, but always in the spirit of love and peace and good-will toward men," added grandmamma.

CHAPTER II.

THE LION AND THE EAGLE.

Let the eagle hold his mountain height—
The lion pace his den!
Give all their country, each their right!
God keep us all! Amen!—HOLMES.



IN the next evening, as the last load of hay for the day came rumbling into the barn floor, sending its fragrance in through the open windows and doors of the house, the absent members of the family returned.

“How is your ankle, my dear boy?” said his mother to Henry, in the doorway.

“O we’ve seen the Horribles!” shouted Prescott.

“We’ve had a splendid time!” said Fanny, “and it is a shame you couldn’t be there, brother.”

“O, I’ve had a splendid time too! What

did you do, and where did you go, and who did you see, and how does it look at uncle's?" said Henry.

"You must know, Henry," said Fanny, seating herself in the door, "we went to Uncle Prescott's the first night; and the next day, what time we weren't in the street, we were at Uncle Irving's; but Aunt Prescott's sister, Harry's Aunt Lizzie, has come there—we did not see her much; but she is just beautiful, and I hope she will come here! Willie said she had seen about every thing there was worth seeing in England, and this summer she is going to Niagara, and the White Mountains, and the Lakes, and Canada, and about everywhere else, I should think!" Fanny paused only because she was out of breath.

Henry looked sober. "I wonder if I shall ever travel," he said.

"O, of course you will," said mercurial Fanny; "we are invited to Uncle Prescott's and Uncle Irving's next winter, all of us. And

mamma has invited them all here for Thanksgiving, and they are coming; and that magnificent aunt of theirs is to come too, if she does not go back to England in October. I do hope she will stay in this country all winter!"

"Let me tell, Fanny; please, it is my turn," said Prescott. "And they went, and went, and went along the streets, and there was Ike eating gingerbread when Mrs. Partington wasn't looking, and the old queer chaise, and a man with two faces looked up street and down street—and O, the dreadful wicked Satan was there with horns and a tail, and a great many things!"

"He means the 'Antiques and Horribles,'" said Fanny; "but I shall begin at the very beginning, Henry, dear. We went to Uncle Prescott's, and Aunty made it so pleasant, and Harry and Willie and sweet little Lucy are so delightful, and the baby is the most beautiful baby I ever saw in all my life! You couldn't

think of any thing but a flower, unless it was a bird! And their Aunt Lizzie is just as interesting as she can be, and I wish she was our aunt!"

"Didn't they have any firing?" asked Henry.

"O, a plenty," said Fanny.

"Yes, they had a plenty!" echoed Prescott.

"They began about midnight, and we could not sleep much; but at sunrise there was martial music; then they raised the Stars and Stripes, and the artillery saluted the flag with a gun for every star. The bells rung for an hour from sunrise. The little flags and big flags were out from every-where, and such crowds and jams of people you never saw as were in the streets. We went very early to Uncle Irving's, because the Antiques and Horribles were going right past there, and we leaned out of Aunt Laura's windows and saw the whole. There was the 'Deacon's One-Horse Shay,'—you remember that poem of Dr.

Holmes's, which Uncle Walter read so comically—

“ ‘Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay.’ ”

“ O yes,” said Henry, with great animation, going on to quote,

“ ‘Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.’ ”

“ There, too, was ‘The Last Leaf,’ ” continued Fanny; “also taken from Dr. Holmes:

‘But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer;’

it was the funniest old, old man; but Aunt Laura said it was only Jabez Heath dressed that way: and then there were funny people representing ever so many things I did not understand; Aunt Laura said it was political. They all stopped to drink in the street before uncle's, or as many as could at once stopped, and uncle carried out pails of water and pails of lemonade, and they had little mugs and dipped from them; so we all had a fine view

Next the different fire companies, in their showy uniforms, marched to the nicest music, with their engines shining like gold, they were polished so."

"The fire companies were splendid as a —" Prescott paused for a comparison.

"Splendid as a sunset," put in Fanny.

"Then there were military companies out—different companies, ever so many; but I was so tired looking I can but half remember how they were dressed. At twelve o'clock the bells began to ring again, and they rang until one. Then there was firing again, and they saluted all the flags of other nations in the harbor, and the band played different national airs out of compliment to them, Uncle Irving said. But the last of all was the 'Old Continentals'—

'In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the Old Continentals,'

and they had an old cannon that was used in the Revolutionary war, and they marched to drums and fifes, and played Yankee Doodle. There were speeches and poems and odes some-

where, but we did not go to hear. And at sunset there was the firing and the ringing again; and then, in the evening, fireworks."

"Yes, there was '1776' done in fire, Henry," broke in Prescott, "and flowers and wheels and fountains and rockets — and O, I don't know what, all in stars and sparks of fire!"

"O Henry has seen fireworks, Pressie," said Fanny loftily; "he knows how they would look."

Prescott, thus repulsed, found what consolation he might in going away and telling Bose all about the sights in the city, sitting with him in an old lumber-shed behind the barn.

"Ah well, dear children," said Grandma Prescott, "you little know the pain it cost our fathers to make the Declaration of Independence which we read so calmly now. My mother was a young girl then, her father was in the Massachusetts Assembly, as they then called the Legislature of the State."

"He was our great, great grandfather, you know, Henry," said Fanny.

“Yes. I can but just remember my grandfather,” said Mrs. Prescott; “but my mother was so familiar with all the events of the Revolution that they seem like something I have been personally acquainted with. She never spoke with triumph of those days, but with thankfulness that God had been the helper of the poor little nation. The colonists loved England. It was ‘home;’ it was the ‘mother country;’ they loved, with the love of children at school, all belonging to England. They named their towns after those of the dear old land; they named their forest birds after the birds of home, though they were not the same species; they named their flowers after the flowers of home, though they were strange flowers. Our robin red-breast is not the red-breast that in the ballad of the Babes of the Woods

‘Mournfully did cover them with leaves.’

Our primrose is not the primrose of England. But the colonists loved these names, and re-

peated them in the new land, which was indeed a 'new world' to them. They yearned after the old country, and talked affectionately of it. And when the rupture came, though there were hot-heads and unreasonable politicians on both sides of the water, it was a time of great sorrow to this young country."

"I am glad *that* is over," said Fanny.

"The fathers sowed in tears and blood what the children reap with shouts and songs," said grandmamma.

And now the tea-bell rang, and Prescott and Bose come in with voracious appetites. When the children had somewhat satisfied themselves with cream-biscuit and honey they began again to talk of the Fourth and its interest.

"Willie's Aunt Lizzie told us a fable," said Prescott," and it was like this: 'The lion said to the eagle, I'll *stamp* you. And the eagle said, I wont be stamped; and the lion grew mad and furious, and said, with great roaring

voice, I'll *stamp* you, *stamp* you, *stamp* you, and you *shall* be stamped, and so—"

"O, Pressie! that is not the way it was. We asked her to write it down so that we could have it, and I copied it for grandpa to see, and the copy is in my satchel now, and I will run and bring it this minute. It is an allegory, grandpa."

"I wish Fanny hadn't such black eyes. I believe black-eyed girls always contradict. Little Lucy doesn't contradict so," said Prescott, consoling himself with giving Bose a biscuit very slyly under the table.

Then Fanny re-entered with the manuscript, which she read aloud. It was as follows:

THE LION AND THE EAGLE.

Once upon a time there was a grand old lion, and the lion, you know, is the king of the beasts, and this old one was the king of all the other lions, and he wore upon his head a royal crown, all beautiful with gold and diamonds and ru-

bies and emeralds, and whenever he turned his head they all sparkled like drops of dew when the sun shines on them; and he had on his arched neck a thick, long, shaggy mane, which hung about him as a royal robe; and in his feet were mighty claws, which he used to show upon occasions, as when any of his subjects seemed inclined to rebel; and in his mouth were huge white teeth, although he was so old; and the tread of his heavy feet was enough to shake the earth; to be trodden upon, stamped upon by them must have been almost certain death; and his roar was like awful thunder, so I cannot tell what his bite must have been, though some one was mean enough once to say that his roar was worse than his bite. And he sat upon a glorious throne of emerald color, only the green of it was brighter and more living than that of any emerald you ever saw, and set all in among the emerald were diamonds of exceeding beauty. O how they flashed as the sun caught them! And round the edges of

the throne were walls of pearly, glittering white, and the walls were laved all day and night by beautiful crystal waves. A grand old king was this ancient lion, who sat on his glorious throne. And his kingdom was so wide that the sun never ceased to shine on his dominions. Away, away far east, at the gateway of the morning, the dark-hued rajahs owned his sway, and sent their rich gems to adorn his crown; and in the far West, where the sun goes down, there were myriads of white-browed men who called him king, and who gloried in his greatness, and it was a grand boast of all who dwelt within the shadow of his throne that the moment a slave stepped upon one of the white borderings thereof his chains dropped off, and he was free.

There were counselors around this old monarch, and some of them had small, puny hearts, which could not keep time to the grand beat of his, and these small hearts became filled with a strong desire to urge their good old king to try the mettle of some of his white-browed children

of the West; and he, perhaps because he was growing old, perhaps because he was becoming testy anyhow, roared from his emerald throne, and he roared so loud that his voice was heard across the seas; and at first, mayhap, his subjects thought it was only the roaring of Atlantic storms, or wild thunderings amid their own great mountains; but they hushed their breath to listen, and then they heard, with a certainty that could not be mistaken, their old king's roar, and they'd never heard it sound so angry and so awful before, and fright and awe filled their minds, and they trembled in their homes, wondering how all would end; and they listened, and there was something more than the lion's voice borne upon the air; he was stamping with his huge foot, and he roared in his high mightiness that he would soon stamp upon them; that they should soon feel the pressure of his paw. All aghast they stood, for they could not endure the idea of this stamp, stamp, stamp. And while they pon-

dered what to do, and thought they would lift up their voice in remonstrance, down on them came that heavy foot and stamped upon their rights, and stamped upon their writings, and stamped upon their certificates of learning, and stamped upon their bonds, and stamped upon their deeds, and stamped even on their paper. Such a wholesale stamping as the old lion executed all at once, sure, was never known in this wide world before, and that was his royal mark; and all papers for legal documents must not only bear that mark, but those who used them must pay money for them, money which was to go to that emerald throne of his, begirt all round with crystal. And his far-off western subjects writhed under the pressure, and then they destroyed all the papers that bore the stamp of their great king's foot. They were as wroth as he; but they were not only wroth, they were sad at heart, for they felt they were trampled on.

Now there was among the old lion's most

honored counselors one who, all through the contest, upheld the rights and liberties of the stamped-upon subjects, and through him the grand old lion became quiet again in his regality, and stamped no more. But those same mean counselors who were at the beginning of the mischief would not let the old king rest—between you and me, I think they were not true children of the lion. I think they had wolves and foxes' hearts beneath the tawny skins and shaggy manes and bushy-ended tails which made them look like his own sons, while they were enemies all the while—and so now they induced him to roar to his subjects across the sea that they must pay a certain amount of money for various articles they received into their country. And then these children of the Western lands, in whose veins beat and throbbed the proud blood of their high lion-lineage, muttered resistance; and the old king roared defiance from his emerald throne~~x~~ and then they both breathed out fury, and their

breath became like flame, and hissing hot were the thunderbolts they hurled at each other, and blood-red flowed the life-stream from the veins of each, for the great lion-king had sent some of his children who lived within the inclosure of his throne to fight their brethren of the West, and horrible were the battles, as these young lions fought the old. And somehow the young life of the West had the best of it, and sorely discomfited the old lion doubtless felt, as he growled good-by to his refractory but triumphant sons; and yet, methinks, in that bass growl of his there might have been detected a deep undertone of satisfaction as he reflected that those same sons of his had pluck enough to make evident to all the world their ancestry, and that, though they would not pay for his royal stamp, they could not, if they would, blot out the lineaments of likeness and the characteristics of race which should stamp them through all time as of the lion lineage. "No, no, they cannot do that," said he as he shook

his royal mane and settled himself quietly again upon his throne of living emerald. And these sons of the western lands, what said they now? They said they would have the lion for their king no longer; they were tired of his rampageous ways. They knew he would growl again, they were sure he would roar, and he might possibly at some time take again to stamping his vehement, imperial will; and so they held grand counsel, and in the bright, hot summer-time, when the air is filled with birds, (perhaps it was that made them think of it,) they said, "We'll own allegiance to the lion never more; we want to soar where he can never reach us; we'll take the eagle for our leader." And so they did, and broader and broader grew his sheltering wings, and higher and higher bears he up their new, strange standard of the "stars and stripes."

And the grand old lion? He liveth still, and still he sits on his emerald throne, and the rays which flash from his dazzling crown grow

WITHDRAWN

brighter still, and still the sun in his world-wide circuit ever shines upon his empire, and still millions own and love the red cross of his standard as it floats over land and sea, the proud signal of the grand old monarchy.

And now (so different are their spheres, so helpful is each to each,) it comes to pass that the two great nations who own the lion and the eagle for their sovereign lords can live amicably on the face of this wide world. Long may the pinions of the one be untiring in its flight after freedom, and truth, and light; and the strong, firm limbs of the other be powerful to uphold every-where the right—*Dieu et mon droit* the time-honored motto of the one, as *E pluribus unum* is the comprehensive one of the other.

“That is very well done,” said grandpapa. “It reminds me,” he went on to say, “of something I have not thought of, that I know, these forty years. I remember hearing that there was once erected, just on the line between Can-

ada and the United States some figures, (made of what material I cannot say,) one of which was a lion, and the other an eagle. The eagle is made to say, 'If you wont bite *me* I wont scratch *you*.' "

THE
FIFTH OF NOVEMBER IN OLD ENGLAND.

CHAPTER III.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Though hand join in hand, yet shall not the wicked go unpunished.—PROVERBS.

“I WONDER whether all the Fourths of July have been as nice as ours!” said little Lucy Prescott as, with childhood’s regretfulness, she thought of the joys of the day just over.

“All the Fourths of July?” said her brother Willie. “Why, there is only one Fourth of July at the same time!”

“Well, but I mean,” pursued the little girl, “has every body all over the world had as fine a time to-day as we have?”

“Why no, I guess not,” put in Harry, who, in right of his seniority of a few years, wished to show his superior knowledge. “Don’t you know, little sister, it is only in America that the Fourth of July is any more than other days? I don’t believe the children in England know any thing about it.”

“O how sorry I am!” said the little one, and a shadow passed over her bright face as she spoke.

“Why sorry, my darling?” inquired Aunt Lizzie, who had listened to this talk.

“Because my cousins in England wouldn’t have any fireworks, nor crackers, nor any of the nice things we’ve been having to-day.”

Now I must explain to you, my young readers, that this Aunt Lizzie had just come all the way from England to see her sister, who, several years ago, came with her husband, an American, to live on this side the ocean.

It was a great gladness to Aunt Lizzie to see the children, whom she had longed so much

to know; and I think it was almost a greater joy to the children to know Aunt Lizzie, for she could tell them about the wonderful sights at sea, and about England, and the Queen, and the old ruined castles and abbeys, and the beautiful cathedrals, and a thousand other things, which were of unflagging interest to these little folks. It was very interesting to Miss Willis to mark how the various tastes of the children were manifested in the nature of the questions which each asked so plentifully. Harry took every opportunity of plying his aunt with questions about the great battle-fields of which he had read. Had she ever seen where the White and Red Roses fought so fiercely? Had she really seen the grave of the old Saxon Hengist? Had she actually trodden where Cromwell and his Ironsides contended with the gay Cavaliers of King Charles? When aunty answered "yes" to these, and a thousand similar questions, his delight knew no bounds. Now the history which had hitherto

possessed for him the charm of a romance took on the solid form of reality, for his very own aunt had stood upon some of the wild, bleak moors where the Roundheads prayed, and fought, and conquered.

Dear, gentle Willie's questions referred to things entirely different. His tastes were what it is the fashion to call "ecclesiastical." He inquired if the old minsters were really "stone turned into poetry?" was it really true that the fierce soldiers had dared to pull down the beautiful abbeys where the monks used to live? and did ivy really creep inside the stone tracery where the rich stained glass used to be? His gentle face grew gentler still as he found that aunty had seen the ruins of abbeys, and walked cathedral aisles; and his young heart longed more than ever to see these glorious things; but, shaking his head sadly, he would say, "If only the terrible ocean were not between me and England; I should love to see those grand old ruins more than all the battle-

fields, yes, and more, aunty, than the very Queen herself!"

And the dear little Lucy, what was nearest her heart? Very still and quiet she would sit and listen while Miss Willis answered the questions of her brothers, and then the soft voice would say, "Aunty, dear, wont you tell me about the baby cousin you said I have in England? Has she little, very little hands, and sweet blue eyes, just like our baby, and has she to be carried about, or can English babies walk?"

Now, perhaps, you wonder these children had not questioned their mother just as they did their aunt; and so they had, many and many a time; but it was so long since "mamma" had left England, and so long since she had been at some of the places they inquired about, that somehow what she said seemed as much like history as any thing they read; but aunty had just come from the very places; why, the brown was still on her face—the brown which the sun

and the sea had put there; and what she told them was, as Harry expressed it, "Just all alive, and like when the things were done."

On that Fourth of July, however, on which our story commences, the children were too much absorbed in the amusements peculiar to the day to think or talk much about the "dear old land," as Willie called the country of his mother and his aunt; and it was only when the enjoyments were over—the last cracker fired, and the last rocket sent up, and the tired children were preparing for bed—that the exclamation of Lucy, given at the beginning of this chapter, led to the subsequent explanations of her brothers, and her own expression of regret that her cousins in England were deprived of the enjoyments of fireworks because they have "no Fourth of July."

Miss Willis kissed the sleepy little face, saying, "You are tired now, my darling, but to-morrow I will tell you of a day when English children have as merry a time as you have had

to-day, and when they have crackers, and rockets, and Roman candles, and more fireworks than I know the names of, and larger bonfires than my little Lucy ever heard or dreamed of."

Soon the merry prattle of the children was hushed, and sleep too deep for dreams came to rest and refresh the weary—the weary with play; while the same sweet restorer came to strengthen the weary with work, and to benumb, for a time, the weary with sorrow.

There was no danger the next day that Miss Willis would be allowed to forget her promise. The children, as soon as they were released from the school-room, hastened to the pleasant parlor, which, for the last few weeks, had been known as "Aunty's room," each one eager to hear about the day in England, of which Miss Willis said she had been reminded by the constant explosions of crackers, and other forms of gunpowder, on the Fourth of July.

"Now, aunty, dear," exclaimed Harry,

"we are longing to know what day in Old England can be a day to be kept with such rejoicing as our Fourth of July—our glorious Fourth!"

"O Harry! hush!" said Willie softly; "don't you remember what Grandpapa Prescott told us about the Fourth, and why we keep it, and about that dreadful war with the British long ago; perhaps aunty wont like us to talk much about that time, because you know she's all British." Miss Willis smiled as she heard Willie's exhortation to his brother, and as she saw the bright color rise to his cheek lest any thing should be said that should touch her national feelings too rudely.

"Never fear, Willie," said she, brightly; "British though I am, I can see that sometimes the government of my country has been wrong in its treatment of the colonies, and that it was best for English liberties, as well as for those of America, that the struggle which ended in the Fourth of July Declaration of Independ-

ence should have taken place. And now I will tell you what day we celebrate with gunpowder."

"I guess it is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo," said Harry.

"No, something much farther back than that."

"Is it the birthday of King Alfred," aunty asked Willie, who had just been reading the account of Alfred the Great in "The Child's History of England," by Mr. Dickens.

"No, my dear;" and now let me tell you that our boys in England keep the 'Fifth of November,' more because of something which did not happen, than of something which did."

"Why, aunty, how could that be? how can we remember something that did not happen at all?"

"Listen, and you shall hear: More than two hundred years ago things were very unsettled in the old land. The Parliament made laws more and more stringent against Popery, and

this line of conduct was very distasteful to many who would have liked to have seen Popery seated again upon the throne; so they made a conspiracy to blow up the House of Lords when the King, and the Lords, and the Commons should all be assembled in it."

O aunty!" exclaimed Willie, "did they want to blow up that beautiful palace at Westminster which you showed us the picture of?"

"No, Willie; you must remember that I refer to a time long ago, nearly two hundred years before our present Houses of Parliament were built.

"Did those wicked men want to kill the King, Aunt Lizzie?" asked Lucy, who was sitting on a footstool at Miss Willis's feet, her fair curls resting on aunty's lap. Now the little head was raised, and the blue eyes looked earnestly into those of her aunt.

"Yes, indeed, my darling, and not only the King, but the Queen, and the young Prince Henry."

“O! how could they be so wicked?”

“Their wickedness did not rest here; they wished to destroy also the Lords and the Commons.”

“What, every one of them?” inquired Harry.

“No; some of the conspirators had friends or relatives whom they knew would be in the House of Lords when the King opened Parliament, and this it was which ultimately led to the defeat of the conspiracy, and made the Gunpowder Plot memorable through its defeat, happily, and not through its accomplishment. So this is how we come to celebrate and remember all through England the Fifth of November.”

“Wont you tell us, aunty, how they were going to do it?” said Willie, who in his historic reading had not become familiar with English history much later than the time of the “Conqueror,” William of Normandy.

“They were going to do it by gunpowder, hence we call the conspiracy the ‘Gunpowder

Plot.' At first there were only a few in the secret, and these were of ancient family, and some of them connected with the nobility."

"How did they think they could get underneath the House of Lords?" inquired Harry.

"Did they think they could lay a train of gunpowder in some of the London streets without being found out?"

"Ah, my boy! wickedness is never at a loss for means to accomplish its ends. One of the conspirators, named Percy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland, agreed to hire a house adjoining that in which the Parliament was to assemble, and then those who were in the secret were to dig a hole through the wall. So they began many months before the time for the opening of Parliament, but they found they had set themselves a more difficult task than they anticipated; the wall was very thick, and their hands were not accustomed to manual labor."

"What is manual, aunty?" asked Lucy.

“It means work done by the hands, my dear. We call carpentering, and masonry, and many other things of that kind manual because they are done by the hands; while many other kinds of work employ the mind and the brain more than the hands. Well, these gentlemen, who were busy digging through that thick wall, very likely had never handled any tool before, and very awkward they found it. They could more easily cut down men with their swords than break through stone walls.”

“Who first thought of blowing up the Parliament, aunty?” said Harry, who always wished to go to the root of the matter, or, as he expressed it, to the very beginning of every thing.

“His name was Catesby. He was a clever man, and of ancient family. He was talking one day with Percy about the distressed condition of the Roman Catholics, when Percy broke out into a great passion and spoke of assassinating the King.”

"What is 'assassinating?'" gently asked the little girl.

"Why, Lucy! don't you know?" said Harry; "didn't I tell you how President Lincoln was assassinated—murdered—suddenly killed by conspirators—that's to assassinate."

Now it must be confessed that Harry had a natural taste for the horrible and the tragic in history, and sometimes considerably horrified his gentle little sister by his recitals of some of the deeds of darkness which he met with in his favorite "History of Rome."

"O yes!" said Lucy, "I remember when that wicked, wicked Brutus stabbed Cesar."

"Wouldn't it have been easier, aunty, to have killed only the King, than the Parliament too?" asked Willie.

"Possibly it might, Willie; but when Percy mentioned the idea of assassinating the King to Catesby, Catesby told him that he had thought of a much nobler and greater plan, by executing which there might be some

hope of restoring the Catholic religion to England."

"What if it had been restored, Aunt Lizzie?" eagerly questioned Harry.

"I know not, my boy, how great the mischief would have been. One thing seems pretty certain, there would have been fires blazing again in Smithfield."

"What fires, aunty?" And the little girl looked up, all eagerness for the reply.

"Not very many years before the Gunpowder Plot, Lucy, there was a popish Queen sat on the throne of England, and during her reign the Protestants were persecuted, and many of them martyred, that is, put to death, because they would think and act according to what the Bible and conscience told them was right. Many good and holy men and women were burned at the stake in Smithfield. They praised God until the smoke and flames rose up and suffocated them, and they could speak no more."

Very sorrowful became the face of the child as Miss Willis spoke of those days of terror.

"Is Smithfield in existence now?" asked Willie.

"Yes; I rode past it not long ago."

"I should think it would be holy ground, aunty; as holy as our Plymouth Rock," said the boy.

"And so should I," echoed Harry.

"And I too," rejoined Miss Willis; "but we live in an age when sacred associations are not thought so much of as business matters, and so it comes to pass that Smithfield, where England's 'noble army of martyrs' gave up their lives for Christ's sake, and for truth, is used now as a cattle market."

"Then I don't think I should care to see it;" and the tears started into Willie's eyes as he spoke.

"So you see, dear children, we have reason to thank God that he frustrated the designs of those who wished to restore the Catholic relig-

ion. And now let us listen to Catesby while he tells to Percy his grand plan for the accomplishment of this object.

“In vain,” said he, “would you put an end to the King’s life ; he has children, who would succeed both to his crown and to his maxims of government. In vain would you extinguish the whole royal family. The nobility, the gentry, the Parliament, are all infected with the same heresy, and could raise to the throne another prince and another family, who, besides their hatred to our religion, would be animated with revenge for the tragical death of their predecessors. We must destroy at one blow the King, the royal family, the Lords, the Commons, and bury all our enemies in one common ruin.” And then he proceeded to unfold to Percy the plan which had presented itself to his own mind. He reminded him how all their enemies, as he styled those whose death he was planning, would be assembled in one place, at the opening of Parliament, and how easy it

would be to blow them up with gunpowder. Percy thought the plan admirable, and he and Catesby then communicated it to one or two others, of whose willingness to join the project they felt certain.

“Do you know the names of the others, aunty?” asked Harry.

“Yes; there was Thomas Winter, a gentleman of Worcestershire, who at first expressed great horror, but who was afterward induced to co-operate. He went over to Flanders, and there found Guido, or Guy, Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish army. He was a tall, dark man, and well qualified, by his courage and daring, for any desperate deed. He went back to England with Winter. Little thought he, as he stepped on British ground, that he was stepping, as it were, upon a pedestal of perpetual infamy! that his name should be handed down, generation after generation, as a thing upon which too much scorn could not be heaped.”

“Why his name more than the rest, aunty?”

“You will see by and by, Harry; meanwhile let us watch the plot growing into maturity. There was another conspirator admitted, whose name was John Wright; he was Percy’s brother-in-law. These five met in a solitary house, in what was then open country, but which is now a closely built-up part of London. Here it was that Catesby fully revealed to them his plan, not, however, until they had all taken an oath of secrecy—bound themselves by a solemn promise on no account whatever to mention to any one what they intended doing, and then they did what seems to me a very shocking thing: they went up stairs into a garret, and partook of the sacrament.”

“Why did they do that, Aunt Lizzie?”

“I suppose to make them feel bound to go through with their undertaking, as though a great seal were put upon it, and they must go on.”

“Like those men we read of, aunty, who

bound themselves with a great curse that they would kill Paul ? ”

“ Something like it, Willie. And perhaps we should regard this act of theirs as proving that they were really sincere in their belief that what they intended doing would be for the good of the country. They might even think, holding the opinions they did, that they were about to do God service, as very likely Queen Mary thought when she made fires and faggots to burn in Smithfield, thus unintentionally, indeed, but surely, sending many of God’s faithful servants home in a chariot of fire. Do you remember any one else, Willie, who thought he was doing God service when he was persecuting those who were not of his way of thinking ? ”

“ Yes, aunty. Saul of Tarsus thought surely he was serving God when he persecuted even unto death those who loved the Lord Jesus.”

“ But how did those conspirators in London get the sacrament ? Did they give it

to themselves, or did Catesby give it to the rest?"

"No, Harry; a Jesuit priest, called Father Gerard, administered it to them. It is said he did not know about the Gunpowder Plot, but one cannot help thinking he must have suspected there was some dark scheme meditated."

"I should think so, indeed!" exclaimed Willie. "He could not have thought men like them would want to take the sacrament up in that garret just because they so loved Jesus that they must do it in remembrance of him."

"It was not at this first meeting alone," pursued Miss Willis, "that they partook of the sacrament; but whenever a new conspirator was admitted to their secret they observed the same solemn rite."

"How many conspirators were there, aunty, before they were ready to act?" asked Harry.

"Eighty."

"Eighty!" exclaimed both the boys.

"No wonder, out of so many, that somebody

let the cat out, my boys, as we shall see by and by was the case."

"What was the exact time, Aunt Lizzie?"

"It was in the spring and summer of 1604; it was then, also, that the house in Westminster was hired by Percy."

"Wouldn't it look suspicious to get a house close to the Parliament House?"

"No, I suppose not. Percy was a gentleman pensioner, and, as he had to be at court sometimes, which was then held at Whitehall, he might be supposed, naturally enough, to live at Westminster, which was not far away."

"Did you ever see Whitehall?" asked Willie.

"Yes, with many sad thoughts within me, Willie, concerning the great tragedy enacted there a few years after the Gunpowder Plot."

"What is tragedy?" asked Lucy, who had been sitting silent so long that it was a relief to the little tongue to have an excuse for speaking once more.

"Tragedy is something very mournful and sorrowful—an event which has about it something very shocking, and generally connected with the loss of human life. Ask Harry to tell you of some tragedy."

"Will you, Harry?" said Lucy.

"It was a tragedy when Lincoln was assassinated; it was a tragedy when Cesar was assassinated; and a tragedy when King Charles was beheaded at Whitehall; and a tragedy when Lady Jane Grey was beheaded; and a tragedy when Marie Antoinette was guillotined," quickly answered Harry.

"Stop, stop, my boy, you've said plenty to let our little Lucy know what a tragedy is. We will not stop now to consider how far any of these events was beneficial or otherwise to the country in which it took place. We must go back to Percy's house at Westminster without stopping at Whitehall."

"But I do so like to know, dear aunty, whether you have seen the very places you

mentioned, that was why I asked you if you had ever seen Whitehall. It seems to make the things more real."

"All right, Willie, dear, ask me all you want to know; but now we must go back to that cellar beneath Percy's house, where the conspirators worked so hard with their delicate hands, and were so long before they got through the wall."

"How thick was the wall, Aunt Lizzie;" inquired her little niece; was it three inches thick?"

"Three inches!" exclaimed Harry, "if you'd said twelve inches, Lucy, you'd have had something of a wall; but girls have such ideas!"

"And your idea is not much nearer the mark, Harry, if you suppose the wall which cost these gentlemen so much hard labor was not more than twelve inches thick. We have some very thick walls in England. What will you think when I tell you that

this particular wall was three yards in thickness?"

"Three yards!" exclaimed Harry.

"Three yards!" echoed Willie.

"Why, I never heard of such a wall?" pursued Harry.

"Probably not, my boy. There are a great many things you never heard of yet," said Miss Willis, as she smiled at her nephew's look of astonishment.

"Did you ever see such a wall, aunty?" asked Willie, applying his usual touchstone to the question: if aunty had seen things, unbelief was hushed forever, though wonderment, in his mind, might still live on.

"Not quite so thick a one, Willie. I think of a wall just now which is three feet or more in thickness; and in reference to this old wall in Percy's house, we may suppose that it was a double wall, that is, that the wall of one house was built close to the next, just as thick and just as independently as if it was to stand alone.

In those old days, strength and security and durability were the objects sought ; the architects then were not so chary of bricks and mortar and space as they are now."

"I should think their arms would ache, and their hands get scratched many a time," said Willie.

"I hope with all my heart they did!" exclaimed Harry, "it would have served them right."

"There's not much doubt about it, Harry, for they took in a new conspirator, that they might have another pair of hands to help. His name was Christopher Wright. He was a younger brother of John Wright, who was taken in at the beginning."

"There were six of them now, were there not?"

"There were six employed in the cellar ; but another, one Robert Kay, a very poor Catholic gentleman, had been admitted into the secret, because some one was wanted to take charge of another part of the plot, and

that was, another house on the Lambeth side of the Thames."

"Why did they want another house?"

"Because they wished to guard as much as possible against discovery, and you know it was necessary, if they were to blow up the Parliament House, that they should have a pretty good quantity of gunpowder ready."

"O what barrels and barrels they'd want!"

"Yes, indeed, so they thought, and provided accordingly great store of this destructive material, which they stowed away in the house at Lambeth, along with a great quantity of fagots."

"What are fagots?" asked Lucy.

"Bundles of wood, my dear. By degrees these stores of wood, gunpowder, and other things were removed from Lambeth by night to the cellar at Westminster. They took them in small quantities, to avoid suspicion."

"Did they ever get frightened, aunty?" inquired Willie.

“Yes, and no wonder, for, as our great poet says, ‘Conscience does make cowards of us all;’ and though these men would not have acknowledged that they were about any thing wicked, yet it was a dark and wicked deed for all that.”

“What frightened them, Aunt Lizzie?” said the little girl.

“Once they thought they heard a bell tolling deep down below the cellar under the Parliament House, and I can fancy how their faces looked horror-stricken as, resting from their labors, they looked one at another in superstitious fear, and in low tones conjectured what that sound might mean. One might think it the bell of doom, sounding out the death-warrant of their hopes; while Guy Fawkes, who acted as sentinel all the time, and who ever tried to raise the failing courage of any, would be likely enough to say, ‘Tush, tush, gentlemen, if it be a bell at all, more like it is the sign of our victory; for sure as ever we succeed in our enterprise, and succeed we shall, all the steeples in

London shall rock with the merry peals of rejoicing that shall ring out our joy over the exploded royalty and nobility and commonalty that we have blown sky-high.' But somehow even Guy Fawkes's words were not sufficient to lull their fears and hush the bell that dark and dreary winter's night."

"What bell was it, aunty?"

"I cannot tell, my child. I suppose they never were quite sure."

"How long did it toll?" asked Harry.

"I know not."

"But what did they do? Did they go on digging, with that dreadful bell sounding?"

"They did a very characteristic thing: they had holy water sprinkled around, and after that they heard the bell no more."

"What sort of water is holy water, aunty?"

"Water which has been blessed by the priest, and is believed by the Catholics to be thereby endued with wondrous virtues."

"Did they have any more frights?" inquired

Harry, with a tone and manner which said, as plainly as any words could have done, that he sincerely hoped they had.

"Yes. Next they heard a rumbling sound, which seemed to be almost over their heads."

"Was it thunder?" said Lucy, who was all attention to Miss Willis's narrative.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Harry. "Why how could there be any thunder deep down in that cellar, and in a winter's night too?"

"O I forgot!" said the little sister, whose knowledge of the laws of electricity was extremely limited, notwithstanding the scientific explanation which had been given her by her elder brother the last time a thunderstorm had frightened the timid little girl into asking why God spoke so loud.

"Thunder, indeed! I should sooner think it was a body of the King's horse-guards coming to seize every man-jack of them, and carry them right off to the Tower."

"Did it sound like horses?" asked Willie.

“Not much like horses; rather more like thunder, I fancy.”

“Suppose it had been the soldiers,” said Harry, “what do you think the conspirators would have done, Aunt Lizzie?”

“I think, Harry, there is little doubt but that they would have thrown a light in among the gunpowder, and have perished along with those who came to seize them.”

“What makes you think that, aunty?”

“Because, Willie, when any man’s courage gave way Guy Fawkes would say, ‘Gentlemen, we have abundance of powder and shot here, and there is no fear of our being taken alive even if discovered.’ So on they worked again.”

“Did they hear any more noises?”

“They thought they did—low voices were heard muttering about the Gunpowder Plot; but this must have been in their own guilty consciences, like the tolling of the bell, and not a real sound like that rumbling which

frightened them so as they dug and dug and sweated in that dreary cellar."

"Did they never rest, never cease from their work, Aunt Lizzie?" asked Harry.

"Yes. Once, when Guy Fawkes was prowling about, seeing what he could see, and hearing what he could hear, he found out that the King had prorogued the Parliament again from the 7th of February to the 3d of October; so, as it was not going to meet so soon as was expected, the conspirators thought they would take rest awhile—would separate until after the Christmas holidays. They agreed to take no notice of each other, and on no account whatever were they to write letters to one another. So they dispersed, shut up the house at Westminster, and each went his way to spend the merry Christmas time as best he might."

"I shouldn't think any of them could be very merry," said Willie.

"No," replied Miss Willis. "I do not think,

with that dark secret on their minds, they could be in harmony with the glad and joyous Christmas time—the time when even angels sang, ‘Good-will toward men.’”

“Will you tell us some time about the merry Christmas in England, aunty, dear?”

“Yes, some time, Willie—after I’ve finished telling you about the 5th of November.”

“How long did the conspirators keep away from their work?” asked Harry.

“I suppose about five or six weeks, for it was the beginning of February, 1605, when Catesby again met his fellow-conspirators in the house at Westminster. There was a larger company now, three more being admitted to this dark fellowship. One was called John Grant. He was a gentleman from the county of Warwick, which is adjoining Worcestershire, where Winter came from.

“What kind of a man was he?”

“Not very lovable, I imagine.”

“Why no, aunty, I guess not,” laughed

Harry ; " I shouldn't expect any of them were very taking."

" I think, Harry, this John Grant was, very possibly, less so than some of the others, for he was a man of a melancholy temper, which seems to have been nurtured and increased by the doleful house where he lived. This house was built with a frowning wall all round it, and a deep moat."

" What is a moat, Aunt Lizzie?" and the little face once more looked up for enlightenment.

" It was a deep ditch, Lucy, dug all round the outer wall, and filled with water, so that nobody could go across it unless the drawbridge was let down for them to pass over it. These moats were very common in the feudal times, and warlike days of Old England ; round about the old castles we can still see where the moat was, but it is no longer filled with water ; it is green, and grass grown. So this poor melancholy gentleman had shut himself up in his gloomy

house, and doubtless nursed his grievances until they assumed gigantic proportions, and he was as ripe for sedition and revenge as any one of those dark conspirators. Another of the new men was the eldest brother of Thomas Winter, his name was John. The third was Thomas Bates, the servant of Catesby, and he, I presume, was admitted for reasons of policy; for Catesby had begun to think he had some suspicion of what he was about; so, doubtless, he thought it safest to purchase his secrecy by making him a participator in the plot."

"Do you think, aunty, they found it quite easy to obtain these new helpers?"

"I am afraid, Harry, it was not a very difficult matter, for these three men had all been sufferers, in different degrees, for their religion during the preceding reign of Elizabeth, and now it would seem to them an opportunity for revenge presented itself, and revenge is very sweet to the human heart, if the love of Jesus has not really entered in, and taught it his

divine lesson, 'Love your enemies.' And now, with their increased numbers, they set to work afresh with their gloomy, dismal task, and now it was they heard that great rumbling noise which I told you startled them so thoroughly. Full of consternation they were; but Guy Fawkes, their sentinel, came in and quieted their fears by telling them that the noise was occasioned by the removing of a quantity of coals. It seemed the cellar directly under the House of Lords was in the occupation of a coal dealer, and just at this time he was removing his stock to some other place. And now a grand opportunity presented itself to the conspirators. They found the cellar was to be let to the highest bidder, so they concluded it would be best for them to hire it. This was accordingly done by Percy. And now their boring and boring through the wall ceased."

"I'm rather sorry," said Harry. "I should have liked them to have to work right hard to the very end."

“Their hard work was not quite over; they had to remove, as cautiously as might be, their thirty-six barrels of gunpowder.”

“Thirty-six barrels! Why, aunty, what a quantity! They must have determined to do the deed very thoroughly.”

“Yes, Harry, they knew well what would be their fate if, unsuccessful in their attempt, they were attainted and convicted of high treason.”

“What is high treason, Aunt Lizzie?”

“It is an attempt to destroy the life of the King or Queen, Lucy, or to overthrow the government. It is the greatest civil crime of which an individual can be guilty.”

“What do you mean by civil crime?” asked Willie.

“A crime against the State, Willie, in contradistinction to a crime against an individual.”

“Did they pretend they were going to keep a gunpowder store?” inquired Harry.

“No; they hid the gunpowder under faggots and coals, throwing in among it large stones

and bars of iron, to increase its destructive effects; then they flung the doors of the cellar wide open, so that any body or every body who pleased might go in, just as if all was right, and the place contained nothing dangerous."

"I should think they were what would be called full of guile," said Willie gently.

"Guile indeed!" responded his aunt.

And now the dark days of winter had passed, and all the land lay smiling and beautiful beneath the genial sun of May."

"Wasn't the cellar dark?" asked the little one.

"Not too bright, my child, you may be sure; but even that was brighter, doubtless, than the dark hearts of the conspirators. And now they separated once more, and the long bright days of summer were over before they again met. In September, however, true to their deadly purpose, they again assembled. If we go into the cellar now we shall see some whom we do

not recognize—strange faces which have not been there before.”

“Were they some of the Horse Guards in disguise?” eagerly inquired Harry.

“No, my boy; one of these new men, however, proved the instrument of the betrayal and frustration of the plot. And I think if Catesby, or Percy, or Guy Fawkes could have known this, not one of them but would sooner have buried his sword in the heart of the new confederate than that he should have left the cellar alive, with their dread secret committed to his care.”

“O, aunty! But who were these new men?”

“There were four: one was Sir Edward Baynham, of Gloucestershire; another, Sir Everard Digby, of Rutlandshire; the third, Ambrose Rookwood, of Suffolk; and the fourth, Francis Tresham, of Northamptonshire.”

“Why, Aunt Lizzie, they seemed to come from all parts of England, almost.”

“Yes, my boy, here and there, nearly all through the land, malcontents might have been

found. These latter conspirators were for the most part rich, and able to help on the plot, some by money and some by horses."

"What did they want horses for?" asked Lucy.

"They wanted to ride away, as quick as might be, as soon as the Parliament should be blown up; to ride away through the country, and rouse the Roman Catholics."

"Didn't they intend to have a King, after they had killed King James?" inquired Harry.

"They intended having another Queen Elizabeth, but very different she would have been from the great Queen Bess, for the King's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, whom they intended to seize and proclaim Queen, was very young."

"How old was she, aunty?" and Lucy's interest was evidently strongly roused.

"She was little more than nine years of age."

"Why did they want a little girl for Queen?"

"Because then they would have their own way in every thing."

"Hadh't the King any sons?" asked Willie.

"Why, yes, Willie," interposed Harry; "don't you remember Aunt Lizzie told us they were going to blow Prince Henry up with the King and Queen, and the Parliament."

"There was another son," said Miss Willis; "a little boy not quite five years old."

"Was he to be blown up too, aunty?" said Lucy.

"No, my dear, he was too young to be present in the Parliament House."

"Then wouldn't he have been King instead of his sister being Queen?" inquired Harry.

"The conspirators had provided against that, for Percy was to seize him and assassinate him."

"O dear! how dreadful!" sighed the gentle little girl.

"It *would* have been dreadful, my darling; and yet I think that would have been a prefer-

able fate for the young prince, Charles Stuart, than that which befell him, when, as Charles the First, King of England, he suffered death upon the scaffold."

"Were the wicked men going to break into the King's palace, aunty, to get the little Princess out?"

"No, Lucy; she was kept at Lord Harrington's house in Warwickshire."

"And were there no people to take care of the poor Princess?"

"O yes! And the way the conspirators thought they would obtain possession of her was this: Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and John Grant were to assemble their friends, under pretense of a hunting-match, in the neighborhood of Lord Harrington's house, and thus, having got a pretty strong force, sufficient to overpower the household, they would seize and carry off the Princess, and proclaim her Queen."

"How long had the plot lasted now, Aunt Lizzie?"

“About a year and a half, Willie; and though by this time the dreadful secret was shared by more than twenty persons, no one as yet had in any way betrayed it.”

“I wonder who would be the first to do it. I guess it would be that poor melancholy gentleman from Warwickshire,” conjectured Harry.

“We shall soon see, my boy, for the time is fast approaching when either Gunpowder Plot will explode the Parliament, or be itself exploded.”

“Was somebody going to put gunpowder under them and blow them up, Aunt Lizzie?”

“No, Lucy dear,” said Miss Willis, smiling. “I meant that their plan would very soon be successful, or else something would occur to hinder it.”

“O I hope something would!” said the child. “I should be so sorry for that little prince to be blown up, and the other one killed.”

“Even that wouldn’t be as bad as killing all

the grown-up men who would be in the Parliament House, little sis. Only think how many papas would have been killed, and how many little children would have been left without."

"O, Willie, it was dreadful!"

"I almost wonder," said Harry, "that one of the conspirators didn't break faith with the others, and go and tell the King all about it. I should think the King would have given him an immense sum of money for telling."

"Perhaps the thought might enter some mind, Harry; but the strong desire to get rid of the King proved stronger than the hope of gain, and so for all this long time the secret was safe."

"Did Parliament meet when they expected, or was it put off?"

"The King prorogued it again, Harry; this time from the third of October to the fifth of November. And now, somehow or other, the conspirators had become uneasy, fearing their design had been discovered, so Thomas Winter

said he would go into the House of Lords on the prorogation day and see how things looked. He found all right, nobody suspecting there were thirty-six barrels of gunpowder just underneath where they were."

"Would they have been frightened if they'd known?" said Lucy.

"I guess they would!" exclaimed Harry. "Why, Lucy, don't you know how frightened you were when Cousin Henry and I had that tiny bit of gunpowder to fire our little brass cannon off with. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder just underneath was enough to frighten hundreds of grown men, if they'd only known!"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Willis. "However, they neither knew nor suspected; and now Thomas Winter returned, and reported all safe, so the conspirators proceeded to make further preparations."

"Why, Aunt Lizzie, I should have thought they had done plenty?"

“And so they had, Harry, so far as the execution of their plot was concerned; but they wanted to get Guy Fawkes safe back to Flanders after he had done his part of the work.”

“Do you mean after he had done being sentinel, aunty?”

“No, Willie; he was to be the active instrument in the carrying out of the final arrangement. He was to fire with a slow match the long train which was to communicate with the gunpowder, making his escape from the region of danger before the grand explosion took place. He was to be far enough from the scene of disaster to be unhurt by the falling fragments of timber and bricks and stones.”

“Where was he going?”

“He was going back to Flanders in a ship which was hired and kept ready for the emergency in the river Thames. And now every thing was ready, all arrangements completed.”

“O dear, how I wish the King knew!” sighed Lucy.

“Didn’t any of them feel any pity for any body?” said Willie, and tears filled his eyes.

“Happily yes, Willie; and this feeling led to the betrayal of the plot. As the day drew near—that never-to-be-forgotten fifth of November—some of the conspirators remembered that they had near relatives and friends who would be in the House of Lords, and whom they would be very sorry to have blown up with the rest, so they said they should like to warn them to keep away from Parliament that day. However, they received no encouragement from Catesby, the originator of the plot. He declared that in such a cause he would sacrifice his own son.”

“What, blow him up, aunty?”

“He meant he would be willing to do that, my dear, rather than the plot should fail; though I don’t suppose his son really was to be present.”

“O dear! how did the others feel about their friends?”

“Very badly, I imagine; but there was only one who let his feelings lead him far enough to do any thing to save them.”

“Which one was that?” exclaimed Harry, whose interest in Miss Willis’s narrative deepened as she proceeded.

“It was Francis Tresham, of Northamptonshire.”

“O aunty! I begin almost to like him!”

“And I feel as though my country almost owes him a debt of gratitude,” said Miss Willis. “Although he only intended saving his brother-in-law, he, nevertheless, saved the kingdom.”

“Who was his brother-in-law?” and, “How did he do it?” exclaimed the brothers in one breath.

“His brother-in-law was the Lord Mounteagle, who was sure to be at the opening of Parliament, and, as Tresham could not persuade the others to warn their friends, he determined to act for himself and warn his; so he wrote a

very mysterious letter, and afraid, doubtless, to trust it to any other hand than his own, he took it himself to the lodging of Lord Mount-eagle, and he took it in the dusk of the evening."

"Why did he do that, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Very likely he felt frightened, all the while he was doing it, lest any of his fellow-conspirators should see or suspect him."

"What would they have done if they had, aunty?"

"No doubt they would have put it out of his power to do any more mischief, Willie, by killing him; however, he delivered his letter without being discovered."

"Did he tell the gentleman about the thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, to make him keep away?" asked Lucy.

"No, Lucy, he didn't tell him any thing very plain, except that he'd better not go to the opening of Parliament."

"What else did he say?" inquired Harry.

“I have a copy of the letter; if you would like to hear it I will read it to you.”

“O do, aunty, do, please!” was the united petition of the children. Here it is:

“MY LORD: Out of the love I have to some of your friends, I have a care for your preservation. Therefore, I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this Parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into the country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is passed as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to

make good use of it, unto whose holy protection I commend you."

"How long before the opening of Parliament did Lord Mounteagle receive the letter?" inquired Harry.

"Ten days."

"And did he stay away?" asked Lucy. "O, I hope he did."

"I hope he did something more than that, little sister!" exclaimed Harry.

"He did what I think was the best thing he could do under the circumstances," said Miss Willis, "he showed the letter to Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State."

"He did believe it, then," said Willie. "I was afraid he wouldn't believe it. I thought, perhaps, he would think it was only a threatening letter meant to frighten him, and so wouldn't take any notice of it."

"He was inclined to think thus of it; but,

happily, he judged it safest to show it to Lord Salisbury.

“And what did he think?” asked Harry.

“He also was inclined to think lightly of it, but nevertheless he thought it best to show it to the King, who came to town soon after. The King was not disposed to treat the matter quite so lightly as the noblemen thought it deserved. He looked upon it as something serious, and which might be dangerous. The serious, earnest tone of the letter led him to this conclusion.”

“From what did he suppose the danger came?”

“He thought of gunpowder.”

“What made him think of that, I wonder?”

“The words in the letter, Harry: ‘terrible blow,’ ‘and yet they shall not see who hurts them.’”

“Did he think there were thirty-six barrels?” asked Lucy.

“I do not think he had any thing very exactly imagined, my dear.”

“What did they do, aunty, to find out?”

“They kept quiet until the day before the meeting of Parliament, and then they searched the vaults underneath the Parliament houses.”

“How glad I am!” exclaimed Lucy. “Now they would find the gunpowder, and the little prince would not be blown up.”

“Who ventured to go?” asked Willie.

“It was the business of the Lord Chamberlain, which office at this time was held by the Earl of Suffolk. He and Lord Mounteagle opened the door of the conspirator’s vault about two o’clock in the afternoon of the fourth of November, and looking in, saw Guy Fawkes. ‘Who are you, friend?’ said they. ‘Why, I am Mr. Percy’s servant, and I am looking after his store of fuel here.’ ‘Your master has laid in a pretty good store,’ they rejoined, and so saying they went away.”

“O didn’t they catch him, and take him to prison, Aunt Lizzie?” said Lucy, quite dis-

tressed to find that he was still left in his concealment.

“No, darling, they were not empowered to seize him; but they were convinced by what they saw of the preparations, and by his manner and bearing, as well as by the villainy which was depicted on his face, that they had strong grounds for the suspicions which had been aroused. It looked very strange that Percy, who lived so little in town, should have so large a stock of fuel laid in, and that he should have a servant there minding it.”

“I wonder how Guy Fawkes felt after they left him; whether he was suspicious that spies had visited him!” exclaimed Harry.

“It scarcely looks as if he was, I think, for we find that after they went away Guy Fawkes went to the other conspirators and told them every thing was quiet, and then he returned to the dark cellar and shut himself up again, thinking, no doubt, that his watch would soon be over, and he would be crossing the sea to

Flanders. By and by he heard the clock strike twelve, and now the very day had arrived when the grand plot would be accomplished."

"I should think he would be pretty well tired of that cellar by this time," said Harry.

"I should think so indeed, my boy. And now once more he opened the door, and began looking about in the prowling kind of way he had often done before, when all at once he was seized and made prisoner."

Then Lucy clapped her hands for joy. "Was it the King who had come for him, aunty?"

"Why, Lucy, kings don't go into cellars except when they are put there, as Richard the Lion-hearted was put into the dungeon of a tower in Germany when he was coming back from the Holy Land," exclaimed Harry.

"No, it was not the King, my dear; it was Sir Thomas Knevett, a justice of the peace, with a party of soldiers."

"Didn't Guy Fawkes fight? Didn't he resist, Aunt Lizzie?"

“He was seized so suddenly, Harry, that he had no chance of doing so, and it was well he had not, as he would have destroyed himself and his captors and the place all at once; indeed, it was matter of great regret to him that he had not done so.”

“But how could he?” asked the little one.

“By throwing a match into the gunpowder, Lucy. He had on him matches and tinder and touch-wood, and there was a dark lantern, with a lighted candle in it, behind the door.”

“What is tinder?” inquired Willie.

Miss Willis smiled as the question fell on her ear, for she had forgotten for the moment that these children had probably not only never seen tinder, but had not heard of it either, and it seemed a very long time since her own childhood, when tinder was an essential element of housekeeping.

“Tinder was an article in daily use, Willie, before the invention of lucifer matches. When

I was a little tiny child we could not obtain a light as readily as we can now. We had a tinder-box, with tinder in it, and a flint and steel, and we had to strike the flint with the steel, and sparks came out, and falling on the tinder, set it just smoldering, so that by patient blowing and applying a match dipped in brimstone, we could obtain a light."

The children laughed, and Harry said he thought it must have been one of the dark ages, and then they laughed again when Miss Willis told them what a treat it was to her when she was a little child to watch tinder made; how her grandmamma would take a piece of linen, and holding it by the tongs, would set it blazing, and how she liked to watch it blaze and shrivel and turn into tinder, and how it had not all done blazing when grandmamma would put it into the tinder-box and shut it up. And just as merrily they laughed when aunty told them of her own vain efforts to strike a light by means of flint and steel and tinder, and then

how the old people of that time were long before they would own the superiority of lucifer matches. Indeed, they became so much interested in the tinder subject that they were in some little danger of forgetting the prisoner Guy Fawkes; and to say the truth, Harry was speculating in his own mind as to the possibility of experimenting on this same question of striking a light—he would borrow one of papa's specimens of quartz, and mamma's big scissors—but the tinder—how could he get a piece of linen, and how, without incurring a reprimand from somebody, could he see the bright flame burning up the rag on its way to become tinder. He was revolving the perplexity without coming nearer a solution when Miss Willis said,

“But our talk about tinder must not let us lose sight of Guy Fawkes—we have not quite done with him yet.”

“No, indeed, Aunt Lizzie, I hope we shall have him executed before we say good-bye to

him," said Harry, coming out of his meditation on the possibilities of tinder.

"What did they do with him, aunty?"

"First of all, Lucy, he was taken to the King's bed-chamber."

"Wasn't the King frightened to have him taken there?"

"I think he was a little, for he caused him to be held very fast, and himself kept at a pretty good distance the while; and then he asked him how he could have had it in his heart to destroy so many innocent people?" to which Guy Fawkes replied, "Because desperate diseases need desperate remedies." The next day he was taken to the Tower, but he was very obstinate; he refused to discover his accomplices, and showed no concern for any thing but the failure of the enterprise. Some historians say that he was horribly tortured; while others assert that after two or three days' confinement in the Tower, left there to reflect on his guilt and danger, the rack was just shown to him, and thereupon

his courage, unsupported by hope or society, gave way."

"What was the rack, Aunt Lizzie?"

"A horrible instrument of torture, by means of which confession was extorted; very often it was used upon the persons of the innocent."

"Did you see the rack in the Tower, aunty?" asked Willie.

"I am not sure that I saw the special one used upon Guy Fawkes, Willie; I did see some fearful looking instruments of torture: one called the Scavenger's Daughter, and another called the Thumb-Screw."

"Are they ever used now?"

"No, my boy; such cruelties are passed away forever, I trust, from our Christian England."

"Did no other conspirators besides Guy Fawkes get caught?" inquired Harry.

"A good many of them were seized, though there is some disagreement among historians as to whether Guy Fawkes betrayed them or not."

"I hope Tresham escaped, aunty, seeing he

had had enough good in him to give warning to any of the Parliament men?"

"Poor Tresham was taken to the Tower, Harry, and he made confessions, and then changed again, and said his confessions were not true, like many another poor wretch beneath horrible tortures. Tresham died from some disease, thus escaping the ignominious death which was inflicted upon several of his fellow-conspirators."

"Were they caught quickly, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Some of them fled away into Northamptonshire, then they went to Dunchurch, where the proposed hunting-party had assembled, who, finding there had been a plot, and it was discovered, went away in the night, and the party of conspirators were left alone with Sir Everard Digby, who, you remember, was the one who was to seize the Princess Elizabeth. So, then, they all galloped off again through Warwickshire and Worcestershire to a place called Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They tried, on their way, to get the Catholics to join

them; but they were very indignant, and would have nothing to say with them. All the while, riding after them as quickly as could be, was the Sheriff of Worcestershire, and many horsemen joined in the pursuit."

"Wouldn't they be very tired, aunty?" said the little girl, whose sympathies were quickly enlisted on whichever side suffering in any form appeared.

"Perhaps they were, Lucy, but you must remember they were fleeing from the certainty of the fearful, disgraceful punishment which was inflicted for high treason. And now I want you to notice, dear children, the remarkable fulfillment of that proverb of the wise man, 'Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him.'"

"Did they get blown up?" gently inquired Willie.

"Almost, dear boy. They determined to defend themselves in the house at Holbeach, so

they shut themselves up, and put some wet gunpowder before the fire to dry. This was a dangerous thing, as the result proved. The powder took fire and blew up. Catesby (who, you remember, was the first who conceived the Gunpowder Plot) was singed and blackened, and nearly killed, and some of the others were very much hurt. However, knowing they must die one way or other, they determined to die there; and so, maimed as they were, they presented themselves at the window to be shot at. The people rushed in upon them. One shot killed Catesby and Percy. The two brothers Wright were shot also. The others, including Sir Everard Digby, Rookwood, and Winter, were taken prisoners, and were afterward executed. More than two months passed before the trial of Guy Fawkes and the other conspirators came on; and then, on the fifteenth of January, 1606, they were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

“How dreadful!” exclaimed both the boys.

“Dreadful, indeed,” replied their aunt.

“Were they hanged in London, aunty?”

“Yes, my dear; some in St. Paul’s churchyard, and some before the Parliament House.”

“I should think nobody would ever try to blow up the Parliament House again.”

“I should think not, Harry; but lest they should, the precaution is still taken, before the Sovereign goes to the House of Lords to open Parliament, of examining the vaults underneath.”

“Has it been done ever since that old Fifth of November, aunty?”

“Yes, dear, for more than two hundred and fifty years. There is quite a procession of officials, with torches or lanterns, peering into the corners of the vaulted chambers beneath the beautiful building, of which I showed you the picture.”

“Will you tell us about the opening of Parliament, Aunt Lizzie, and about the Queen,

and the crown, and the Tower, and all the other things we want to know?"

"Some time I will; but there is another thing I must tell you first, and that is, how our boys in England keep the Fifth of November."

"O that will be splendid!" said Harry. "I hope they have no end of crackers and gunpowder, and perhaps they have tinder too."

Miss Willis smiled as she kissed the bright faces of the children, bidding them run away now, and she would tell them another day what they were so eager to hear.

It is needless to say there was no scarcity of talk in the children's room that night, and Harry fell asleep to dream that he was in a dark cellar, which he thought he would light up, and just as he was making tinder to get a light from, the piece of blackened, shriveling linen changed into a beautiful banner of the stars and stripes, with a golden lion at the end

of the flagstaff, and before he knew it was floating far up on the top of a building, which he thought was the palace at Westminster, when all at once he knew it was the State House of his own city.

CHAPTER IV.

GUY FAWKES.

Remember, remember
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot:
There is no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.—*Old Ballad.*

“Now, aunty, now wont you please tell us how your English boys keep the Fifth of November? because it is nearly here, you know, and Willie and I want to keep it in English style if papa will let us; and perhaps we can get Cousin Henry and Prescott to come, and Uncle Walker. O, aunty, it would just be splendid! Uncle Walter is the most splen—”

“Don’t get out of breath, Harry. And wouldn’t it be quite as well if you were to hear how our boys keep it before deciding

that you would like to keep it in English style?"

"I know I should be sure to like it, aunty, because I remember you said they had crackers and all kinds of fireworks, and bonfires. O it would be splendid, I know it would; and with Uncle Walter to help, it would just be the most delightful thing in the world."

More than three months had passed since Miss Willis and the little folks had had their charming chat about Guy Fawkes and the House of Lords; but so deep was the impression made on the minds of the children that the Gunpowder Plot was a passage in English history not likely ever to be erased from their memories, and while aunty was gone on her long tour into Canada and the mountains and lakes of the States, Harry and Willie often talked of what she had told them, and speculated much as to the possibility of their keeping the anniversary of the plot in the same way as English boys. They had spent a summer's

week with their cousins at Glenburgh, a great part of which time was occupied in retailing to very earnest listeners all that Miss Willis had told them on this subject; and again the Glenburgh children sighed, and "wished Harry's Aunt Lizzie was their aunt."

"But why isn't she, why can't she be our aunt too?" urged Pressie Sterling.

"Ask her, Pressie, ask her; perhaps she will," said his sweet little Cousin Lucy; "she's just the very kindest aunt in all the world."

The end of that summer's conversation about the Fifth of November was, that the Prescott children were to get to know all that ever they could from Aunt Lizzie about the boys in England, and then perhaps their papas would let them do the same things; and if only Uncle Walter would come and help them! So the young hearts were bright and hopeful that they would be able to carry out their proposed scheme for the Fifth.

As has been intimated, Miss Willis had been away from her little nephews a considerable time, drinking in deep draughts of enjoyment as she traveled amid the beauties of this land; but often had she longed among mountain solitudes for the prattle of the children who had wound themselves so closely round her heart, and she was no less eager to tell them about the "Fifth of November" in England than they were to hear, so she needed no second appeal from Harry.

Lucy climbed upon her lap, while the two boys sat on low seats in front of her. No need to enjoin attention. The children were all prepared to listen, with ears and eyes wide open.

"There have a good many 'Fifths of November' come into my mind," began Miss Willis, "some of them a long way back, when I was as little as you."

"As little as me, aunty! were you ever as little as me?" And the little golden head was

raised, and a pair of very wide-open blue eyes turned full on Miss Willis's face.

"Why, Lucy, don't you know every body was little once as little as our baby, even General Washington, who, I told you, fought the British so splendidly? Of course aunty was once, though I don't know how long ago, as little as you."

"Yes, Lucy, dear, as Harry says, we were all babies once. Only we can't remember quite so far back, and I suppose I should be about your size at the time I first remember; but Fifths of November did not seem to follow each other so quickly then as they have done since. I think squibs and Catharine wheels are the earliest of my associations with Gunpowder-Plot day; and then, later on, the making of touchpaper, which my brother and his friend practiced; and very pleasant to all of us was the smell of smoldering 'touch,' as we called it."

"Didn't you have tinder, aunty?"

"No, Harry; the boys used 'touch' instead."

"Did you set fireworks off, Aunt Lizzie?"

"No, Willie, I was content to watch them let off. I was too timid even to handle them, except before they were lighted, and when they were let off I took care to be at a safe distance. But I think I must leave my childish memories, and tell you of the last Fifth of November, which I spent near London."

"Was it a nice Fifth of November, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Yes, Harry, and I think the most characteristic of the day, taking it all together, that I ever remember. I was dressing—it was not very early—for our winter mornings are not so tight as yours, and I heard a great noise outside, in the lane, and looking out I saw—what do you think?"

"Crackers and squibs going off," suggested Harry.

"No, it wasn't dark enough for that; try again."

“A bonfire,” said Willie.

“No, I shall have to tell you. I don’t think you can guess. I saw Guy Fawkes!”

“Guy Fawkes! Why, I thought he was hanged years and years since!”

“So he was, Harry.”

“Was it his ghost?” inquired Willie, in a tone of great solemnity.

“No, it was his effigy. I wonder if you can tell me what an effigy is?”

“I don’t know,” said Harry; “only I should think it was something dreadful, if it looked like Guy Fawkes after he’d been dead all those years.”

“An effigy is a figure or likeness made to represent some one. When we speak of burning any one’s effigy, we mean burning a figure made to resemble them.”

“How did any body now know what Guy Fawkes was like?”

“Don’t you remember I told you what kind of looking man he was when we first made his

acquaintance in the cellar under the House of Lords. History has handed down to us some idea of his personal appearance ; but the makers of his effigies are not very particular to have a correct likeness. It is very easy to tell who is intended by the effigies which make their appearance on the Gunpowder-Plot day, however different they may be one from another."

"What do they look like, aunty?"

"Like something very ugly, Willie."

"How did it come, Aunt Lizzie?"

"It was carried in a chair, Lucy; there was quite a large group of boys and men around it, and they sang or chanted a queer old ballad, which is used, in one form or other, all through England—the variations are not great."

"Will you please repeat it, aunty?"

Remember, remember,
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot:
There is no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

“ A stick and a stake,
 For Victoria's sake—
 Hallo boys! hallo! hallo! hallo!
 Pray remember old Guy!
 Please to remember the bonfire, too!”

“ What did they mean, aunty?”

“ They meant that they wanted the people at whose houses they called and sang this strange ditty to give them wood or coal for their bonfire at night, when they should burn Mr. Fawkes. In Oxfordshire the ballad is just a little different; it runs thus:

“ The Fifth of November,
 Since I can remember
 Gunpowder Treason and Plot,
 This is the day
 That God did prevent,
 To blow up his King and Parliament.

“ A stick and a stake,
 For Victoria's sake.
 If you wont give me one,
 I'll take two,
 The better for me,
 The worse for you!”

“Howsoever they vary the ditty, the appeal at the end is not omitted: ‘Pray remember Guy! Please to remember Guy! Please to remember the bonfire!’”

“We shall have to learn those verses, Willie, if we have a Fifth of November, because you know we shall want to say them to mamma for her to give us some coal.”

“What did they do next, aunty!”

“They just went from house to house until either they were tired, or their wants were satisfied.”

“How did Guy look? What was he made of?” inquired Willie.

“He looked very much like what he was—a man of straw.”

“Straw! How did they do him?”

“They had got an old coat and an old pair of trousers, and stuffed them with straw, and they had got a mask for a face, and put a pointed cap, like what the noblemen’s fools or jesters used to wear, on the figure’s head; very

often they put a lantern in one hand, and a bunch of matches in the other. Then, too, they put crackers into his coat pockets, so when he is thrown into the bonfire he goes off with a great explosion."

"O how splendid! I should just like to be in England for once to see how it all is. O I hope papa will let us have a bonfire, and we'll get Uncle Walter to make us a Guy Fawkes!" and Harry rose from his seat, and jumped round to give vent to his exciting anticipations.

"Did you ever hear the expression, 'What a Guy he makes of himself!' Harry?"

"Yes, Aunt Lizzie; but I never understood what it meant."

"I think it must have had its origin in the Fifth of November Guys, they are such objects."

"What time do they begin letting off fireworks, aunty?"

"As soon as it is dark, which in winter is

earlier than in your country. Many boys, however, do not wait until the Fifth; they begin several nights before, so that we say when we hear the repeated explosions, 'The Fifth of November is coming.' "

"Do you think the boys know why they celebrate it, aunty?"

"I think most of them do, Harry; but I was very much amused last year by an answer I received from a little girl. We had been talking about the Guy Fawkes we had seen that morning, and I asked her why we keep the 'Fifth of November.' She said, 'Because Guy Fawkes blew up the King and the Parliament.' So, of course, I told her that was just what he did not do, and I think little Mary Stanley will never forget again. And now I must tell you about the evening of last 'Fifth of November,' which was, as Harry expresses it, 'splendid.' I was invited to spend the evening at a friend's house at Theobalds."

"O, aunty, what a queer name!"

“So I thought when I first heard it, Willie; but I found it was a queer name for a very nice place. It is the name of an estate not many miles from London, which many years ago belonged to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. In the year 1607, two years after Gunpowder Plot, the Queen, James the First’s wife, induced Cecil to exchange it for her dower palace of Hatfield, and for a good many years it was a favorite country palace of the royal Stuarts.”

“And is there a palace there now, aunty?” asked Willie.

“No, my dear; the palace at Theobalds was pulled down by Oliver Cromwell in 1650.”

“O dear! why did he do it?”

“I don’t know, Willie. I think a good many mistakes were made by Cromwell and his Ironsides in the pulling down of buildings—buildings which we of antiquarian tastes would be glad to see.”

“Isn’t there any picture of it, Aunt Lizzie?”

“I have seen an old print of it. I wish I

had a copy of it here to show you. It reminded me just a little of the Tower, though of course it was not so heavy looking. It was described in the Augmentation Office, after it was marked for destruction by Cromwell, as a quadrangle of a hundred and ten feet square."

"What is quadrangle, aunty?"

"It is a square, Lucy. A quadrangular building is one which is built in a square. There are walls on four sides, and a square space in the center. The suite of apartments for the Queen's private use were situated on the south side, the Prince's lodgings were on the north side, cloisters were on the east side, and a glorious gallery, one hundred and twelve feet in length, occupied the west. Very much England admired this palace once upon a time. I do not think it would meet modern taste so well."

"Did it stand in a pretty place?"

"Yes, with beautiful woods and grounds around it. And it is a comfort to think that

though the building could easily be destroyed the beautiful natural scenery could not."

"Is there any house there now, aunty?"

"Yes; three or four very good houses stand on the site of the old palace. In one of these some friends of mine live, and it was there I spent last Fifth of November evening. The principal staircase in this house used to be in the palace, and a very fine old staircase it is."

"What is it like, Aunt Lizzie?"

"It is very wide, with very easy steps. It is made of dark, polished oak."

"Is there any thing else that belonged to the old palace, aunty?"

"I only know of part of the garden wall, Willie, and the terrace walk in the lovely garden, and a right royal walk it is—so broad and level—with the slope down to the smooth lawn alongside it. I love to walk there, and think of the stately ladies and courtly knights who trod there centuries ago."

“O, aunty, how I should like to go!” exclaimed Willie.

“And did they let fireworks off there, aunty?” inquired Harry.

“No, Harry, not in the garden. There is a field in front of the house, and it was there the bonfire was piled and the fireworks let off.”

“Was it a large fire?”

“Yes, quite large. There were a good many boys, and a splendid time they had jumping around the blazing pile. And these boys had made a subscription among themselves and their friends, and had got quite a large sum for their fireworks. Then, too, some of their friends came who brought a large addition of fireworks from London, so we had quite a grand exhibition.”

“What kind of fireworks were they?” asked Harry, whose mind was still fired with a desire to do like the English boys on the coming Fifth.

“There were dozens and dozens of squibs, and crackers, and Roman candles, and rockets, some of which were very pretty; then they had, at intervals, a grand ‘piece;’ one would be called a ‘fountain of light,’ and another a ‘shower of serpents,’ and so on. The exhibition proved very attractive to others besides the invited guests, for hundreds of people came from the villages near and stood in the field, enjoying the glee and merriment of the boys and the beauty of the fiery pageant.”

“Were you out in the field, aunty?”

“No, my boy. I didn’t want to get my clothes singed and my hands scorched, as one of the ladies did who ventured out and took active part in the proceedings. I sufficiently enjoyed the excellent view I had from the windows of the house. It was a very animated scene, I assure you. There were the figures of the boys standing out in bold relief against the great fire, the constant succession of jets of beautiful fiery spray, ever and anon the whole scene il-

luminated with red or green or blue light, and over all, shining alike on actors and spectators, the calm, soft light of the moon."

"Didn't that spoil it, aunty?"

"No, my dear. At first we were rather sorry that there was bright moonlight, thinking it would diminish the effect of the fireworks, but we soon came to the conclusion that the advantages of moonlight were greater than the disadvantages, for it did not very materially damage the effect of the fireworks, and it added wonderfully to the enjoyment of the whole scene. It threw over it a softness of beauty which nothing else could have done. It revealed to us dim distances beyond the fire and the flitting figures, and it lighted up the interested groups of spectators around. There was a combination of artificial and natural light which produced a weird and enchantment-like effect."

"How I wish I'd been there!" sighed Harry.

“No doubt you would have enjoyed it wonderfully.”

“O! we must get papa to let us have a Fifth of November, something like it.”

“Perhaps mamma may object more than papa, Harry.”

“Why, aunty?”

“Because she may be afraid her boys will burn themselves.”

“Well; but, aunty, you know we had some fireworks on the Fourth of July, and we didn’t burn ourselves the least bit; wont you ask mamma, aunty? and wont you help us?”

“I’m afraid. I don’t like fire well enough to help you much, Harry. Your Uncle Walter would be more helpful, I imagine.”

“O yes! And I do think if Uncle Walter would say he would take care we didn’t ‘get into mischief,’ that’s what he calls our fun, aunty, I do think mamma would let us, and you could show us how to make a Guy Fawkes, couldn’t you, Aunt Lizzie? I should want him

as ugly as ever he could be, because of that wicked intention of his."

"Ah, my boy, you see in the case of Guy Fawkes an illustration of how men's deeds live after them. Little he thought when he was planning to blow up the King, that hundreds of years afterward, year by year, his effigy would be blown up and burned; but so it is, and so it is likely to be, so long as there are boys in England who love gunpowder. And this love of theirs will not be more lasting than the principle that the good or evil which a man does lives after him. We ought to be very careful, Harry, how we live, not alone for our own sakes and our own reputation, but because of the influence which will go down from us to succeeding generations."

"I never thought of that, aunty, that our deeds would affect people after we are dead."

"But you think of it now, don't you, Harry?"

"Yes, Aunt Lizzie."

“Did you ever throw a stone into a pond, Harry, and watch the circles spread and spread, wider and wider, until they reached the very sides of the pond?”

“O yes! why that’s one of our fine pieces of fun. When I go to Glenburgh, Cousin Henry and I go to the pond in the fields at the back of grandpapa’s house, and we try which can throw a stone nearest the center, and then we watch the circles widen and widen, after my stone has been thrown in, and when they’ve nearly reached the edge of the water, then Henry throws a stone in, and the circles rise up.”

“Well, that’s just like influence, Harry. We act and react on each other in ever-widening circles, so that we cannot know how far our influence will extend; and you must try to remember, dear children, that no child is too little, or too young, to exert an influence. If you were to throw a small stone into a pool of water, you would find that would produce

circles just as surely as if you threw in a large one. And there is another thing I want you to observe about influence, and that is, that we are always exerting it ; sometimes consciously, that is, when we try to lead people to good or bad ; and sometimes unconsciously, that is, when our lives, our words or actions, speak to others. See how important it is that we should be pure and holy in our hearts and lives, for the sake of others."

"I should like to be good, good always, aunty," said Willie, gently.

"Often ask the loving Jesus to make you so, dear child ;" and Miss Willis kissed the sweet face of the boy, and thought within her heart that the Loving One had already stamped the child his own. There was a delicacy in his face, which made her fear sometimes that the fair earthly flower would not be left to bloom long outside the gates of paradise. Often, when they two were alone, Willie would climb upon her lap, and throwing his arms around aunty's

neck, would almost smother her with kisses, and then sliding down to a little stool at her feet, would beg of her to tell him again about that Judean boy who puzzled the wise doctors in the temple ; and they talked, these two, about that scene in Jerusalem, until they seemed themselves to stand within the precincts of the temple, and became familiar with the precious stones which adorned it, and seemed to see the aged Rabbis listening in astonishment to that wondrous child, Jesus, as he spake with wisdom beyond his years. And then they talked, these two, about the beautiful heaven which was revealed to John in Patmos, and Willie's face grew brighter and brighter as aunty spoke of the time when the Saviour would come again to take home those who were loving and serving him on earth.

These " nice talks," as Willie called them, did not often come to a natural ending ; for they were dearly loved by both, and neither was in haste to close them. Generally they

were interrupted by Harry, who would come in, in all his boyish eagerness, to unfold to aunty some grand scheme in which he wanted to enlist her sympathy and help.

One day Willie had just coaxed aunty into singing for him "Beautiful Zion, built above," when Harry's voice was heard in the hall shouting hurra, hurra! And he soon burst into the room, exclaiming, "O, Aunt Lizzie! he's come! he's come!"

"Who has come, Harry?"

"Why, Uncle Walter!" in a tone which said, "Who could it be but he, to make me so glad?"

Very bright was the smile which came on Willie's face as he heard the good news, and very pleased the tone in which he exclaimed, "O, Harry, how glad I am!"

There was that in Uncle Walter which met the gentleness of Willie's nature just as truly as the impetuosity of Harry's. There was no one whom Willie loved, after papa and mamma,

with the ardor of affection which he bestowed on Uncle Walter. Now, however, Aunt Lizzie had won a place equal in degree, though different in kind, from that which the young clergyman held in the boy's heart, and he was eager to tell his uncle of all the pleasant things which Miss Willis had told him about England.

The party which gathered in the parlor that evening was a very happy one. There were Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, as bright as any; there was Miss Willis, with the dear little Lucy in her lap, and there was the Rev. Walter Prescott, with his two nephews beside him, holding him in very close siege, and asking him innumerable questions; the leading ones, however, having reference to the all-important "Fifth of November" topic.

"Uncle Walter," began Harry, "did you know there was a 'Fifth of November' in England?"

"I always supposed so, Harry, just as much

as I suppose there is a First of January in that far-away land."

"Well; but I mean, did you know there was a 'Fifth of November' there, just as much as we have a 'Fourth of July' here?"

"I knew there was a particular 'Fifth of November' some hundreds of years ago, Harry; but I cannot see any parallel between that and the 'Fourth of July.'"

"Well, the history wasn't like, one bit, but the way the boys keep it is."

"And what about the history, my boy?"

"O! I know all about it, uncle, every bit, and I can tell you it without making a mistake, as I did when I was little about General Washington." Every body laughed at this reminiscence of Harry's, except Miss Willis, who looked for an explanation.

"I had been telling these nephews of ours a story one day, Miss Willis, (and, if you have not yet made the discovery, let me tell you they are mightily fond of stories,) a story about

a certain island called Britain, where the people were savages, and how one Julius Cæsar came and conquered them. A day or two afterward I heard Harry repeating this story pretty correctly to some other little boys, only, instead of saying that it was Julius Cæsar who conquered the Britons, he concluded his story very grandly by asserting that it was General Washington who beat the British, and so the island became civilized ! ”

Miss Willis joined in the laugh now, saying she had already found that General Washington was to Harry the greatest hero of ancient or modern times, and she was prepared now to hear of him as the victor at Thermopylæ.

“ O ! I know better now, aunty ; but he was a glorious man ! ”

“ Well done, my boy ! ” said Mr. Prescott ; “ and now I think, after such strong assurance of your patriotism, we can let you keep ‘ Fifth of November ’ in English style, without danger of any change of fealty. I must tell you

Walter, these boys have been entreating mamma and me to let them keep Gunpowder Plot Day as the boys do in England, and now you are here to help, and Aunt Lizzie to direct, I think we can indulge them in this fancy."

"I should be glad to help, brother, but I am ashamed to say I must plead entire ignorance of the English customs on that particular day."

"O! we can tell you! we can tell you all about it!" exclaimed both the boys. Whereupon they proceeded to enlighten Uncle Walter, and surprised every body by repeating perfectly the ballad which Miss Willis had written out for them. So it was settled, and Harry was to write a note of invitation to his cousins at Glenburgh, and this was the epistle he dispatched:

"DEAR HENRY, AND ALL OF YOU: Papa says we may have a 'Fifth of November,' and



Aunt Lizzie has told us all that the boys do in England, and Uncle Walter has come, and he's going to help us, and we shall have a splendid time, I know. And so you must all be sure and come, and come on the Fourth, mamma says, and then you'll be in time to help us make Guy Fawkes.

“ Good-bye, from your affectionate cousin,

“ HARRY.

Nothing was wanting to complete Harry's delight, when, in due time, he received from his cousin Henry, the following reply to his note of invitation :

“ MY DEAR HARRY: It is all going to happen just as we want it should, for papa has business which will take him to the city for two or three days, and so he says we may just as well come as not ; and do you know, I verily believe he is interested himself in the Fifth of November, by the way he talks about it. I am very

glad papa can come with us for Pressie's sake, as mamma says she should be afraid to let Pressie come if papa didn't. We shall come on the fourth.

"Your loving cousin,

"HENRY STERLING."

The fourth came, and with it Mr. Sterling and the children from Glenburgh, and nothing could exceed the merriment and glee on every hand as the young folks talked over the coming day. One great element of delight to Fanny, Henry, and Pressie Sterling was the presence of Uncle Walter, who was as much a favorite with them as with the city children. Uncle Walter himself seemed very happy, as he sat with Lucy on one knee and Pressie on the other, and told them stories—"real stories, of things which had actually happened," as Pressie told Fanny.

Pressie felt glad to think that Uncle Walter was his uncle, as much as he was Lucy's,

and this train of thought led him to his old difficulty, "Why wasn't Miss Willis his aunt too?"

So he looked up in Uncle Walter's face, and asked him; whereupon there was a very mischievous twinkle in Fanny's black eyes, which neither Pressie nor Uncle Walter saw.

At length the boy was satisfied; he understood now what had puzzled him so long, and told Lucy, "Uncle Walter always did make things plainer than any body else."

On the morning of the Fifth, what a grand season there was in the carriage-house, making Guy Fawkes. It was well Uncle Walter was there to assist the children, otherwise poor Guy must have lain prostrate, or stood upright, for, in stuffing the old pantaloons obtained for the occasion, they had forgotten to make him any joints; and great was their perplexity when they found they couldn't any how fix him into the

chair. Just at this juncture Aunt Lizzie and Fanny came in, bringing the crowning article of Guy's costume, an elaborate fool's cap, the like of which had never been seen in the great republic. Very heartily they joined in the laugh about Guy's inability to sit in a chair. Uncle Water soon remedied the defect, and then mask and cap were duly mounted, and the delight of the young folks knew no bounds.*

"Well, he is a Guy, and no mistake!" exclaimed Fanny.

"O Cousin Fanny, Aunt Lizzie says she believes that expression came to be used because of these very Guy Fawkes's!"

Then to see how the boys jumped about the still figure in the chair, Pressie exclaiming, "O Lucy! Lucy! come and feel at his fingers! What did you make them of, Henry?"

"Only of a pair of Uncle Henry's old gloves, stuffed with bran," said Henry.

* See Frontispiece,

“Now, boys, wont you carry him round the yard for mamma to see?”

This suggestion from Uncle Walter had no need to be repeated, and Harry and his Cousin Henry soon took the ends of the poles which were fixed under the chair and marched away, Harry and Willie chanting the old ballad, and the rest of the children joining in the chorus. So the procession came to the window of Mrs. Prescott's parlor, and I need not tell you how heartily she laughed, nor how even “baby” crowed with delight.

Time had wings that day, for what with making Guy Fawkes, and admiring him when he was made, and building the bonfire, there was little unoccupied time. Uncle Walter stayed with them nearly all day, his soul refreshed by the simplicity of the bright young spirits around him, and his whole nature relaxing in needed change from the hard work which had been pressing upon him in his parish.

The children had an early dinner, and were to have tea in the nursery, where a few of their city friends were to join them for the evening's grand celebration. How they wondered all the afternoon whether it would be dark very soon that night!

Aunt Lizzie left the company in the drawing room early, for she had promised to preside at the children's tea. Great was her surprise, when she entered the nursery for this purpose, to see at the head of the table a chair wreathed over with evergreens, and an illuminated motto, "Hail to Old England's Rose," placed among the greenery, and on her plate was a tiny bouquet of blush roses, only a little less blooming than herself. Very bright was her color when she saw the delicate compliment implied in the motto, and brighter still it grew when Harry whispered, "It was Uncle Walter did that, aunty;" but Harry did not know, nor any body else, except Uncle Walter himself, where the roses came from.

It was as dark as could be desired when tea was over; for, will you believe me, Uncle Walter had come in, and taken the other end of the table, and he told the children so many stories that tea was a very prolonged affair indeed; and to say the truth, I believe he did it purposely, because he knew if there was any time to wait for the darkness it would seem a weary time. And now there was nothing to do but to dress up warm and go into the yard. The children insisted that Miss Willis should put a light to the bonfire, because, as Harry said, "We should never have had this splendid time if it hadn't been for Aunt Lizzie and Guy Fawkes, and she *must do something*, and we know she wont let any crackers off, because she said so."

So Aunt Lizzie applied the match, and soon a bright gleam arose, which fell on delighted faces, and showed a very quiet smile on Uncle Walter's face. Was it for the queer juxtaposition in which Harry had placed his aunt's name and that of Guy Fawkes?

And now Miss Willis went into the house, to watch, with her sister, the proceedings outside.

Again the procession formed, and marched round the yard, Harry and his cousin bearing Guy Fawkes between them, while Mr. Prescott and his brother let off squibs and crackers. Again the old ballad accompanied Guy Fawkes's progress, and again all joined the chorus.

Mrs. Prescott had made a private arrangement with her husband to make the out-of-doors proceedings as brief as possible, lest the children should take cold, so the fire-works succeeded each other quickly, and by the time they were half exhausted the fire had burned up sufficiently to form a fitting throne for Guy Fawkes, so papa and Uncle Walter hoisted him on to the top of the burning pile. And to hear how the crackers went off then! and to see how the rockets flew out of Guy Fawkes's pockets, right up into the sky! and to watch how quickly this straw man burned up, mask and all, even the

cap aunty had made! O, it was the crowning delight of all the evening! Then the remaining fire-works fizzed their fiery good-night, and all was over outside the house. There was to be a brief time of entertainment within doors, so that the transition from the high excitement to the quiet of bed might not be too sudden. As the children hastened in, took off their wrappings and entered the drawing-room, there was but one feeling in all hearts, that of intense satisfaction; as Harry said, "*It was splendid*, and he was very glad Aunt Lizzie had come from England and told them about the Fifth of November!" and I'm afraid Harry was glad too (though he didn't say so) that Guy Fawkes made his abortive attempt to blow up the King and the Parliament.

And now Aunt Lizzie played and sang some sweet old English ballads; and then the children joined in singing "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," Fanny Sterling leading with her clear voice, and so worked off a little

of their excitement; and then Aunt Lizzie said she *must* sing her own country's words, for that was the tune of "God save the Queen," and then she sang,

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!"

And as she began to repeat the refrain, "Send her victorious," "Stand up every body," said Mr. Prescott, "let us be English a little while," and he and Uncle Walter joined their deep bass voices to the sweet one which was leading, and so sang the refrain so familiar and so dear to every English heart.

And so ended this English "Fifth of November" in the land which calls England "Mother."

THE END.



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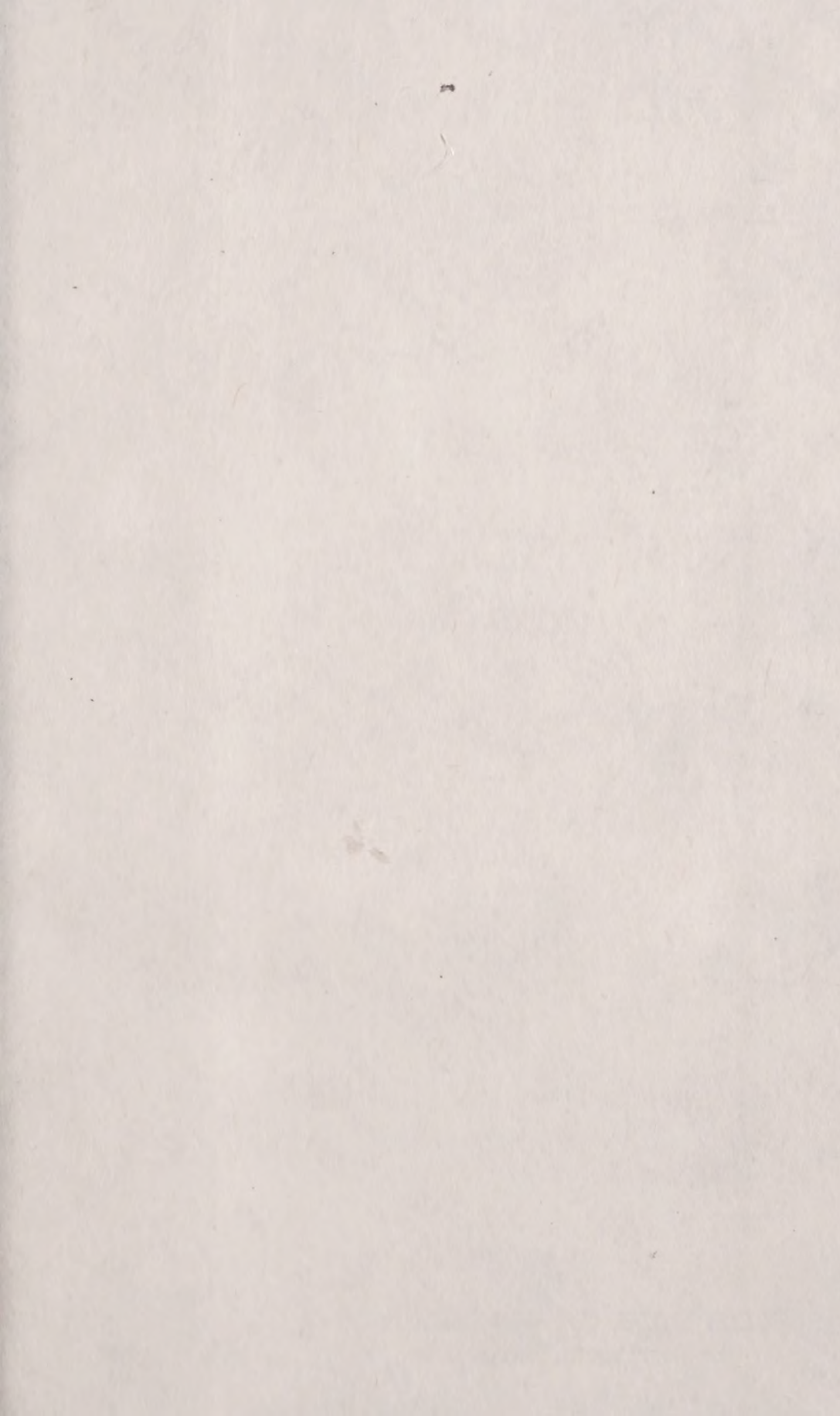
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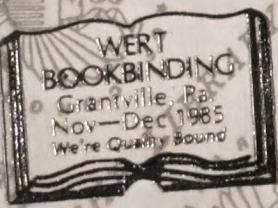
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